Volume Forty-eight, Number Two, August 1969

Commentary

Is There a Backlash Vote?
by Maurice J. Goldbloom

The Second Year of the Cold War
by H. Stuart Hughes

The Oath—A Story *Leo Litwak*
Truth in the Courtroom *Edward Jay Epstein*
Soviet Jewry Today *Maurice Friedberg*
The Problem of the Golden Rule *Edward Hoagland*
Nabokov's Ardor *Robert Alter*
Pornography & Propaganda *John Thompson*

Books in Review
Erich Isaac George Woodcock Elizabeth Dalton
Leo Braudy Shlomo Avineri Peter Schrag

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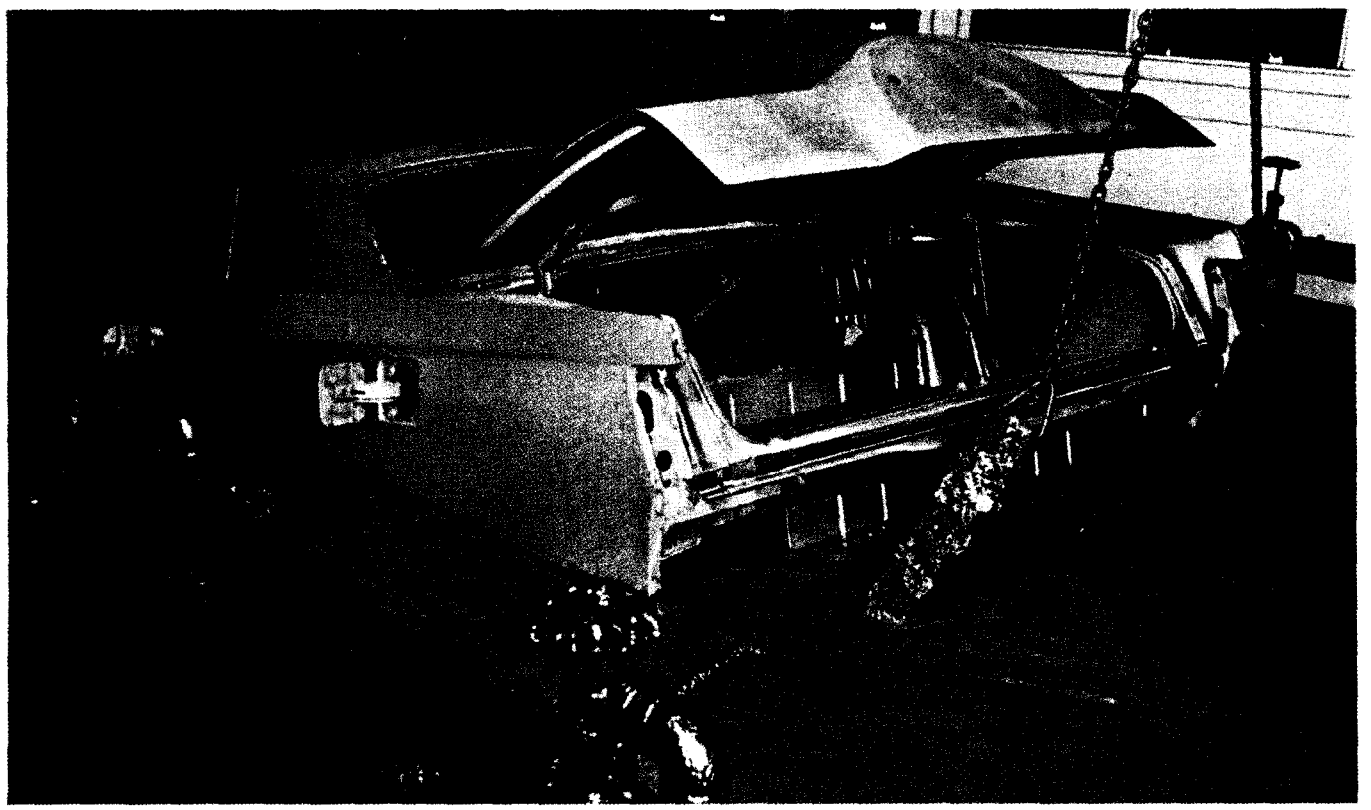

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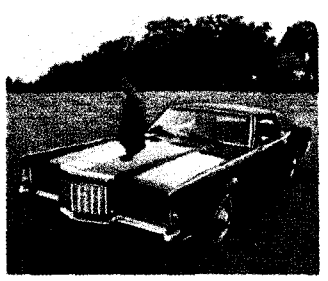

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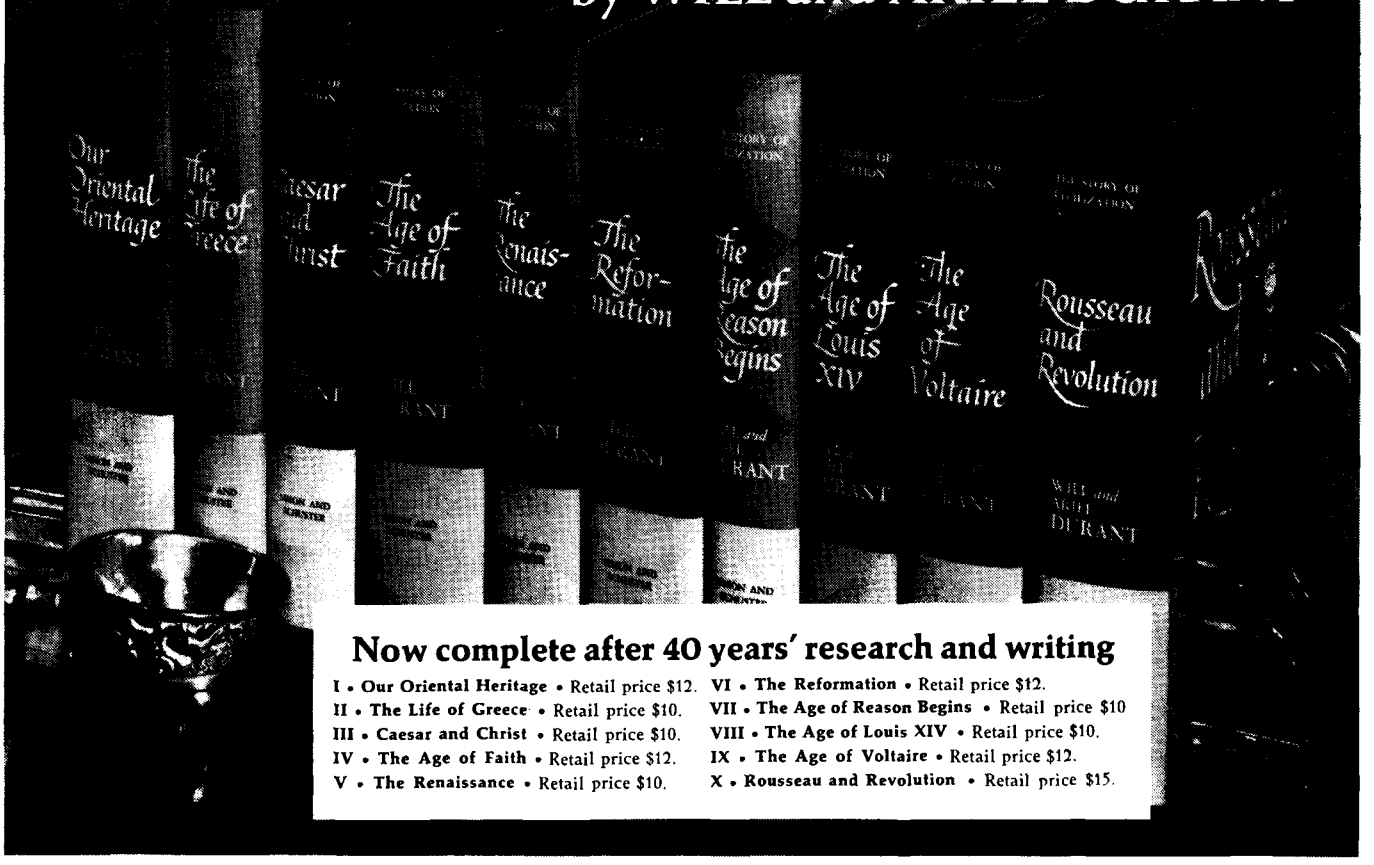

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Commentary

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COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is $1.00; $9 a year; 3 years $23; 5 years $35—Add $1.50 per year for foreign postage charge—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1969 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, and Public Affairs Information Service—*Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.*

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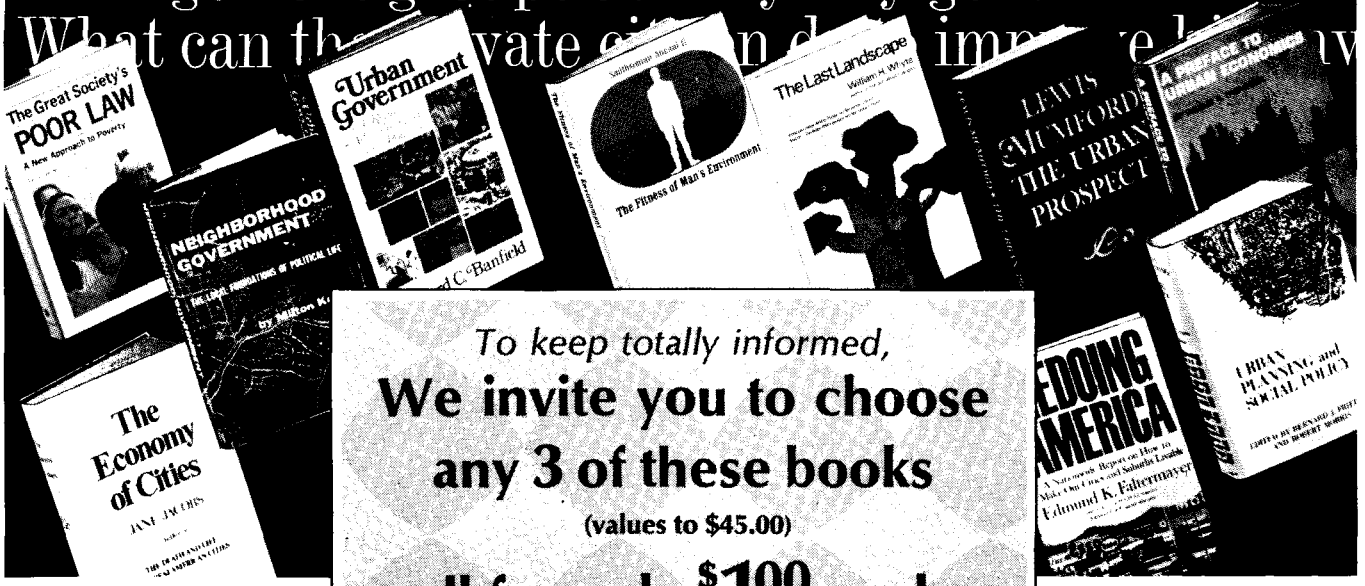

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Letters from Readers

Campus Rhetoric

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Since I have just concluded two semesters of teaching at San Francisco State College, during the 1968-1969 academic year, I found Dorothy Rabinowitz's article in the June issue ["Power in the Academy"] fascinating and perceptive. I was especially struck by the engagingly gentle treatment accorded the young professor of English at State (otherwise unidentified) who explained that he joined the teachers' strike at that institution because to have done so is to have chosen "*life*," and that those "who did not join, who didn't partake, actually chose a kind of death." Though he is unidentified by name, we who labored in that resistant vineyard during the past ten months would, I believe, have no difficulty in identifying him. The turbulence of most of that period rendered anonymity difficult, if not impossible.

I suppose I must make clear at the outset that I did not, and cannot even now, abide the handling of the situation by S. I. Hayakawa, Acting President of the College, who dealt with the awful mess as though he were an army general rather than an educator. Having clarified my position on Dr. Hayakawa, I must nevertheless add a dimension to Miss Rabinowitz's charitable portrait of the valiant professor. One of the main reasons given for faculty participation in the strike—and perhaps not more than 20 per cent of the faculty and an even smaller segment of the student body took part—was to insure that the college administration would yield to all 15 student demands. Yet at least half these demands were outrageously impossible to achieve, and I still believe, as I believed then, that the striking faculty members thought so too. What is far worse, though, is that after the faculty's own demands—mostly reasonable—were granted, the "piggy-backing" professors, no longer so passionately interested in the student cause, went back to their classrooms and abandoned the students to their own devices. Is that what "*life*" is about? In short order, the student strike, such as it was, collapsed.

Though I disagreed with most of the students' demands and deplored their reckless methods of achieving those demands, I am compelled to say that the professor and his colleagues provided their academic charges with a curious demonstration of idealism. Spare me any further such demonstrations! And spare me such piously professorial protestations!

EDWIN J. LUKAS
San Francisco, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

At last I am moved sufficiently by one of your increasingly conservative articles to attempt a response. While the caveats of Earl Raab ["The Black Revolution & the Jewish Question," January] and Milton Himmelfarb ["Is American Jewry in Crisis?" March] merely reduced me to silent doubts about their logic, as the specter of black anti-Semitism was generalized from isolated events; and while their shrill tones of anguish as to the potential of black quotas for college admission simply left me speechless in considering their senses of social priorities—Dorothy Rabinowitz's psychoanalysis of the San Francisco State "red armbanded professor of English" moves me to words. Indeed, I am that very professor.

I am disconcerted that Miss Rabinowitz found it painful to listen to the "Freudian analytic bias" of a man teaching a course in Whitman. What is *her* analytic bias? She states it quite clearly: Professors, particularly of English, had a bad time under authoritarian teachers in graduate school, yet an admiration of authority remains; now, out in the academic profession, they still need authority, thus mindlessly follow black and SDS students into the revolution. Also we professors need "heady swallows of realness." Leaving out the question which Dorothy Rabinowitz begs throughout her article as to *what* revolution now exists, I will just concentrate on her analysis of myself.

Miss R. finds me afflicted with "a set of symptoms which were nonetheless chilling for being understandable." I'm "deeply earnest," "a little wistful," I was "starved by the invisible life," I was one of those men who "are driven from inwardness to the company of the revolution—and can only regret the tyranny of that aimlessness and loneliness which presses a thoughtful man [thanks!] to the

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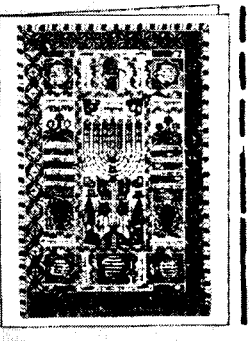

29-35 A cabbalistic drawing, probably used as a mizrach, an ornamental charm hung on the east wall of a home, ca. 1820-30. Drawn and painted on paper.
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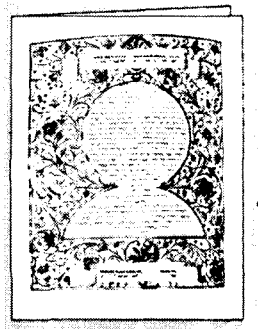

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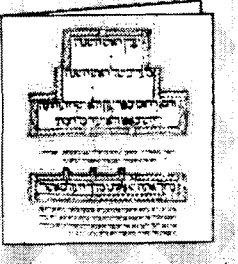

19-25 Illumination of evening prayer which begins observance of Rosh Hashanah. From an Italian Mahzor, 15th century.
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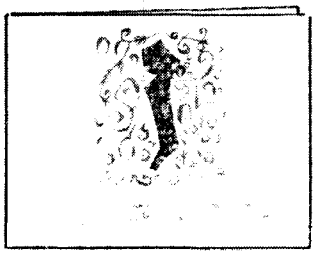

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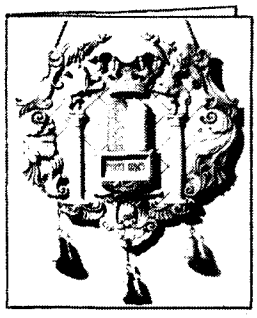

52-25 Torah breastplate. Ivory and bone. European. 17th century. Harry G. Friedman Collection, The Jewish Museum.
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54-35 Chaim Gross: Holidays. Water color. Forum Gallery.
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56-25 Mosaic from the floor of the synagogue at Hamman Lif, Tunisia. 5th century, A.D. The Brooklyn Museum.
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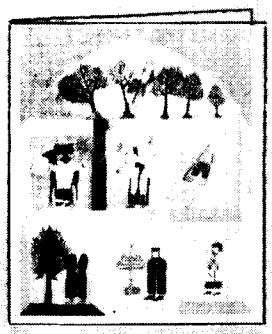

63-25 Embossing of the Sh'ma prayer based on a metal plaque of the 19th century in the Harry G. Friedman Collection of the Jewish Museum.
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58-25 Feast of Drawing the Water. It is written in the Mishnah that one who has not seen the ceremony of drawing of water has not seen happiness in his lifetime. Silk and metal on taffeta. Venice, 18th century. Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Smithsonian Institution.
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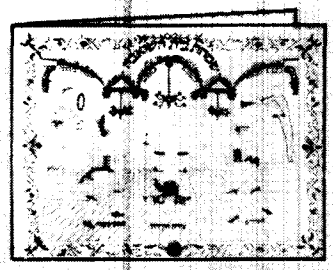

61-35 Stones of the Wailing Wall, Jerusalem. Detail. Photograph by Zev Radovan.
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27-35 Left: Adam and Eve. Right: Noah releases the dove. From a miniature book of daily prayers. Central Europe, 1803.
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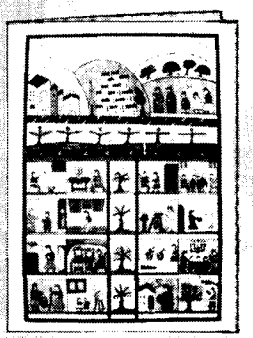

31-25 Beginning of the section of S'lichot (penitential prayers for the ten day period between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur).
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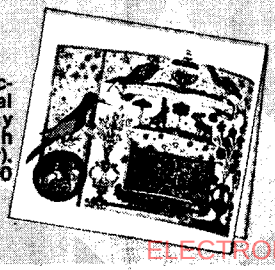

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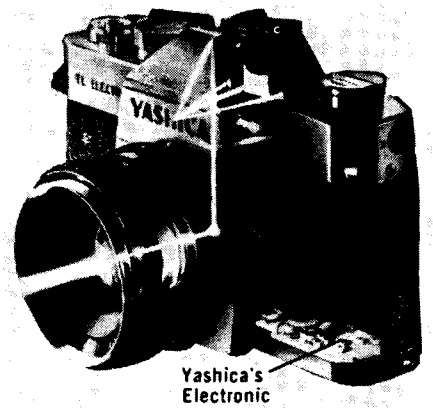

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belief that *real* life is standing out there on the students' shoulders." Even Anna Freud might stop there, but Miss Rabinowitz presses on. She has no doubt that "the professor really means that there is a a kind of death, psychological death, if one refuses the apparent life of the revolution." And, I was feeling that "community one has never had." And, I'm being given a chance "to live, real." And, I'm "lonely, and in quest of a reality which was really real."

Although I can't pretend to know what those last two phrases mean, the Rabinowitz rhetorical strategy is clear. Because I said, "This is life," all else follows. Only one flaw, Miss R., I didn't say it. Perhaps you *wanted* me to say it. Perhaps (no fear of Freudian analysis here) you think you heard me say it. But I didn't. Nor did I say "two big black boys" hoisted me on their shoulders. I may be a lot of things, but I'm not that stupid. "Guys," Miss Rabinowitz, black *guys*. Nor did I say that I wanted to be "another Ted Williams." He's *sui generis*. I said I wanted to replace Ted Williams in left field; I was being funny, see, hardly wistful. Every kid growing up in Boston in the 1940's wanted to be the Kid's successor . . . I guess I can't explain it to you. Maybe I should have wanted to be Hank Greenberg.

What I said, in the context of a discussion of police clubbings and use of guns, was not "This is life," but "those of us who were on strike were on the side of life." It was that simple. No need for metaphysical interpretations, particularly since I was talking about the dreadful possibility that someone might be killed; the nostalgia I felt for the life of scholarship was genuine, but hardly contradictory to an immediate need to take a stand between police and students. I just don't believe in death, anyone's death, or in needless violent confrontations. Analyze that, if you will.

I might add that the reason I know what I said is that I have carefully studied the official transcript of the tape, prepared by the San Francisco district attorney's office in an attempt to impeach my testimony for the defense of some of the over 400 students arrested for attending a rally on campus. Lest I be accused of harboring Walter Mitty dreams of glory, let me say that I find these trials a bore and an abomination.

I have not written this reply to defend my self-image. Possibly it is a worse image than that of those men whom Miss Rabinowitz admires for their choosing to show their courage by remaining in class and on the payroll. I can cry *touché* when Miss R. understands that some of us seek approval from black students. I *think* I admired Ted Williams for that flawlessly easy swing that landed the ball 20 rows up in the right-field bleachers, but maybe there is something in her remark about his highly developed sense of privacy. But I reply only to indicate that writers for COMMENTARY have a responsibility to think through their material before writing, to check their sources, and to separate emotion from fact. Correct, I learned that at Harvard, and I'll try to stick by it.

Remember, Miss Rabinowitz, E. M. Forster's main lesson wasn't that the outer life of telegrams and anger was worthless; *Howards End* tells us to "only connect," connect the inner and the outer lives, join, in our troubled times, the inner life of the academy to the outer life of the community. It isn't easy, but it's real.

ERIC SOLOMON
Department of English
San Francisco State College
San Francisco, California

MISS RABINOWITZ writes:

If there are some errors in transcription, I regret those; I am sorry for the anguish I know must attend any such misrepresentation of a moral vocabulary.

As it turns out, Professor Solomon said neither black boys nor black guys. I discover, after watching a rerun of the telecast at the NBC studios—with a full copy of the official NBC transcript before me for good measure—that Professor Solomon said black *kids*. Kids, not guys. I do not know how this information—discovered, I may say, with scholarly intrepidity—will affect his life, or whether it will affect his place in the great chain of sensibility drastically. If it turns out that kids is *even better* than guys, I am happy to have been of service. And in the end, I am happy for Professor Solomon that, at least in some respects, I saw him as he sees himself.

But a question: with the full transcript before me at the studio, I was able to muse in leisure on Professor Solomon's letter. He abhors violence; he says this, verbatim:

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> Violence is a word like liberal and relevant that has lost its meaning. If you add it up, what violence has actually occurred? One policeman had a collar bone broken by a rock and there have been some windows broken. There have been some aborted bombs which have not gone off and which I see as symbols, really.

Now I understand. There wasn't really any violence, and when there was, it was all symbolic because the bombs did not go off. Professor Solomon is in the toils of an even higher vision of reality than I had supposed. The bombs did not go off: I should like to know, if the bombs (such as the ones placed under Professor Bunzel's door) had gone off as intended, killing him and others so selected for attention by those on the side of life—whether Professor Solomon would have been comforted in the knowledge that *he*, nonetheless, had always been in there, quick to know a symbol when it presented itself in the form of a bomb, a firm loiterer on the side of life.

Cold War

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have just read Lionel Abel's article, "The Position of Noam Chomsky" [May], and, quite coincidentally, I had just finished reading the May 5 issue of *I. F. Stone's Weekly*. . . . It is curious to compare the following statements:

Abel: ". . . when the South Koreans were invaded by an army from the North they were defended by American troops under a United Nations flag, and . . . *air power in that action played no major role*" (emphasis added).

Stone: "In the Korean war U.S. planes levelled literally everything above the 38th Parallel. *No country has ever been so completely destroyed by bombing as was North Korea*" (emphasis added).

Since Mr. Abel makes so much of Professor Chomsky's "superficiality" (the *last* thing I would have accused him of, having waded diligently through many of his conscientious, heavily-researched pieces in the *New York Review of Books*), I do not think it is petty of me to ask Mr. Abel to clear up the unambiguous discrepancy between his view of air power in the Korean war and Mr. Stone's.

From past experience, I would put my money on Mr. Stone. The point is not a minor one. In fact, it goes to the very heart of Mr. Abel's own credibility.

Robert Stevenson
University of South Florida
Tampa, Florida

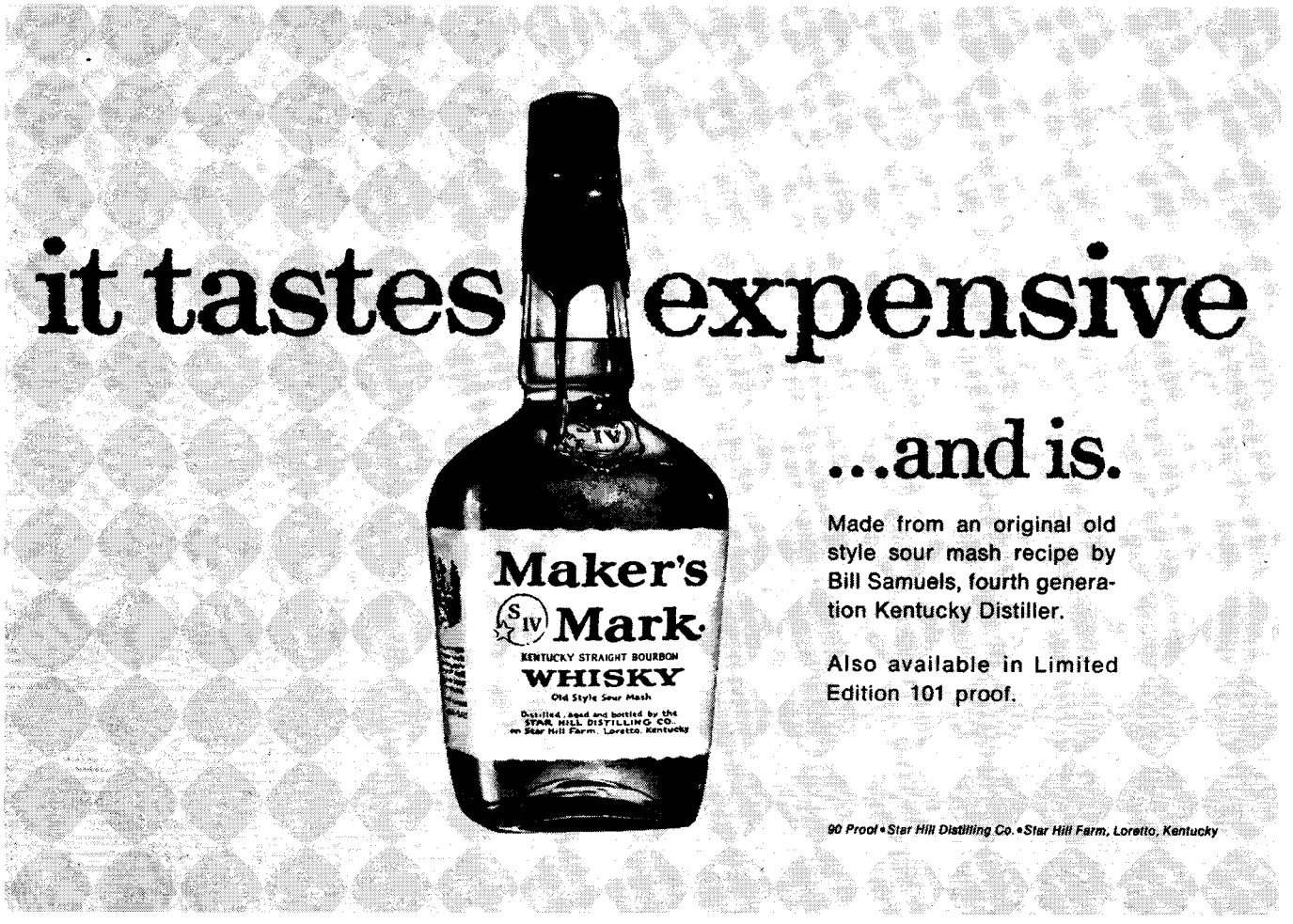
To the Editor of Commentary:

I consider the transformation of Chomsky's "by accepting the presumption of legitimacy of debate on certain issues, one has already lost one's humanity" into Abel's "Evidently he [Chomsky] thinks that one should be so indignant about the war as to be incapable of giving reasons against it" to be a tendentious misreading.

Eugene Prange
E. Boston, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

Lionel Abel stated that Norman Mailer "has expressed the view that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the arguments for and against the Vietnam war are fairly equal." The quotation that followed, from *The Armies of the Night*, was intended as evidence against Noam Chomsky's assertion that rational debate over the war "insults beyond measure the victims of our violence and our moral blindness." Contrary to Mr. Abel's intent, however, Mailer's words, given their context, served to support Chomsky. If I remember the book correctly, Mailer mused over the arguments quoted by Mr. Abel while he was in jail. But does a man voluntarily submit to arrest because, after rationally assessing two nearly equal arguments, he finally opts for one? The implication of the passage, I think, is that the rational arguments, pro and con, over the war fail to deal with the reality of the situation, which is that our participation is a moral crime.

It is a moral crime because we are destroying hundreds of thousands of human beings, along with their land and their culture, with some of the most hideous instruments of torture ever devised. I recently saw a photograph of a Vietnamese child with his jaw burned away and his eyesight gone. His face had been literally melted by napalm. God knows how many other such survivors there are. Yet Mr. Abel can say: "I think the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia—to suppress the Center rather than the Right—was *far worse* than our military action in Vietnam, though there has hardly been any shooting in Czechoslovakia . . ." (emphasis added). In the face of such a value system I can only agree with Chomsky that to engage in rational debate over this issue is to turn human suffering into an abstraction, and thereby to forfeit one's own humanity.

RACHELLE MARSHALL
Stanford, California

MR. ABEL writes:

I am simply not going to agree with Eugene Prange that I misread the following remark of Professor Chomsky: "by accepting the legitimacy of debate on certain issues, one has already lost one's humanity." Among such issues Professor Chomsky included the Vietnam war. But where one cannot debate, one can only fight. I think Professor Chomsky chose, and wisely, to debate. And I do not think in so choosing he lost his humanity. Does Professor Chomsky think he did? Did Mr. Prange?

Mr. Stevenson has taken me up on my statement that air power played no major role in the Korean war. To be sure, I did not state this as an absolute fact. I said that as I recollected the war, air power had not played a major role in it. I mainly objected—one can consult the text—to Professor Chomsky's characterization of North Korea, which started the war, as a "helpless Asian country." Now as to the facts: I think the bombing of North Korea was serious and severe and that it probably led to the bombing policy we have pursued in Vietnam. But in any case, whatever be the truth of I. F. Stone's contention about the bombing, I do not think it shows that air power as used by the United States played a *major role in the Korean war*. Unless I am very much mistaken, the main propaganda of the Communists against us was not that we used air power or dropped napalm or bombed civilians, but that we used germ warfare. Now as to the credibility of I. F. Stone: this hack journalist wrote a book in 1952, published by the Monthly Review Press, one of whose main aims was to suggest—though not to assert—that South Korea actually began the war by invading the North. Among the typically crooked sentences in the book—which yet never succeed in being clever—there is the following: "Whether on June 25 the North attacked without provocation or went over to the offensive after an attack from the South, the attempt to pick that tempting plum solved many political problems on the anti-Communist side." The double-talk in the sentence is obvious.

Miss Rachelle Marshall, pointing to Mr. Mailer's arrest near—or away from—the steps of the Pentagon, asks: "Does a man voluntarily submit to arrest because, after rationally assessing two nearly equal arguments, he finally opts for one?" The answer is: if the matter is important and the man is rational, yes. I suggest that Miss Marshall renew her reading of the arguments Socrates gave in prison for and against submitting to the verdict of the Athenian court. About our policy in Vietnam, Miss Marshall has this to say: "It is a moral crime because we are destroying hundreds of thousands of human beings along with their land and their culture and with some of the most hideous instruments of torture ever devised." Now one might commit a moral

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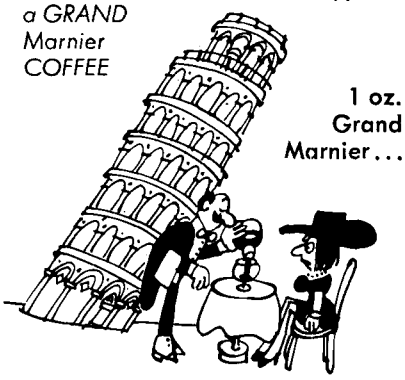

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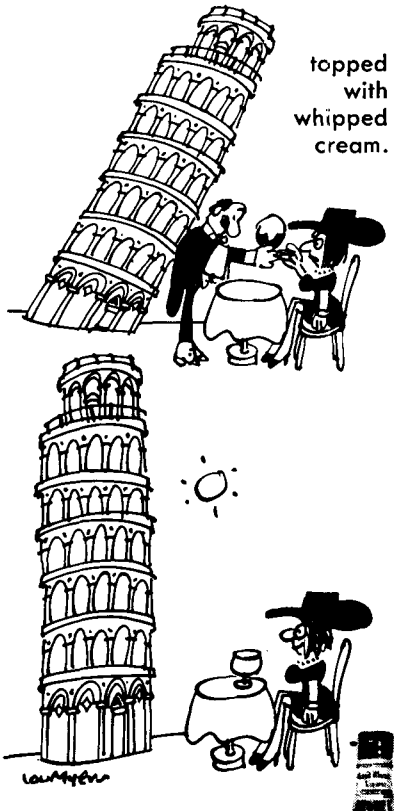

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crime against a single person and without destroying his land or his culture, and without using the "most hideous instruments of torture ever devised." The *immorality* of an act is not shown by the kind of evidence Miss Marshall is interested in and has chosen to point up. And probably all serious political action has involved some element of moral crime. Was not politics called a pact with the devil? It is to be noted, too, that one of the serious goals of socialism has been the final elimination of politics from life. If politics could be as moral as Miss Marshall would like, why would we want to be rid of it?

[*An exchange between Noam Chomsky and Lionel Abel will appear in September*—ED.]

Jewish Art

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I gladly take the opportunity to comment on Cecil Roth's essay ["Birds' Heads & Graven Images," June] discussing the problems raised by the Bird's Head Haggadah, the earliest Ashkenazi illuminated Haggadah dating from the end of the 13th or the early 14th century. What may be added, for the information of the reader, is a reference to what this Haggadah does not have: pictures of the rabbis at B'nai B'rak and of the inquiring sons. Clearly the Haggadah had not yet evolved its own picture cycle. The fact that its illustrations are mostly biblical has led to the theory that there may have existed a Jewish archetype, a codex or a scroll with biblical scenes. This hypothesis was first proposed in connection with the discovery of the 3rd-century frescoes of the synagogue at Dura-Europos on the Euphrates. . . . In its new form this theory is based on some Byzantine features in the Bird's Head Haggadah. According to the theory, Byzantine Bible illustration derived from oriental Jewish prototypes, spread to Western Europe, influenced Franco-German art production, and either directly or through these channels inspired Jewish book illustration.

The most striking feature of the Bird's Head Haggadah, however, is the representation of human figures with heads of animals, mostly birds. Several other manuscripts, particularly prayerbooks (Mahzorim), also exhibit this feature. With the profuse animal decoration in European medieval art in mind, we should be able to understand how the Jewish prohibition against images could lead to a compromise, the substitution of an animal's or a bird's head for the human face. There is a Hebrew Bible which contains a representation of the righteous, seated at the messianic banquet, with fantastic animal heads. We readily accept such symbolic figures. But we have difficulty identifying Moses, in a familiar biblical scene, in this disguise. . . . It is true that in a number of Hebrew illustrated manuscripts of the same period the human faces are not distorted. Profound differences in social attitudes among the Jews themselves must have accounted for any relaxation of the old inhibitions. . . .

The 17th- and 18th-century examples of the representation of the deity which Dr. Roth mentions, among them an Amsterdam tombstone which no doubt belonged to a Marrano, are not particularly striking when compared with much earlier instances that could have been cited. In a Hebrew Book of Psalms of the Berlin Staatsbibliothek (15th century, Italian provenance), we see the head of the Lord appearing to David in a golden sunburst. In the 14th-century Sarajevo Haggadah, too, there is a picture of an old man resting after his week's labor; this figure has been identified as Adam, but it cannot possibly be so. . . .

RACHEL WISCHNITZER
Professor Emeritus,
Stern College
Yeshiva University
New York, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The Bird's Head Haggadah is published in Israel and is not available in ordinary bookstores, but your article does not mention either the cost of the book or how it may be obtained in this country. Since art books frequently are priced in the hundreds of dollars, one would like to know the cost before committing oneself to the purchase. . . . Also, Dr. Roth did not mention whether the text commentaries are all in Hebrew or in any other language.

ALEX RYSMAN
New York City

[*The Bird's Head Haggadah is available through the Bloch Publishing Company, New York, at a*

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(Ergonometry?)

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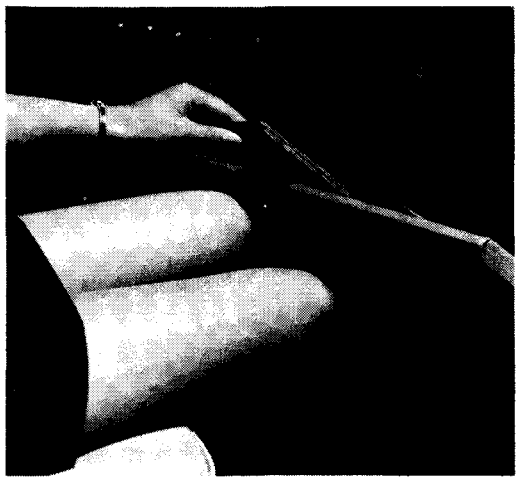

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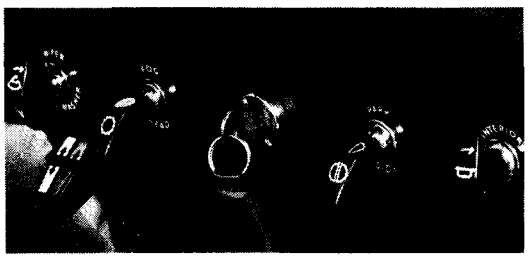

Notice how each one seems almost to tell you what to do to it? Whether to push, pull or turn? Notice how natural it feels—your thumb pressing downwards or sideways, your index finger curled under just so? Finally, notice that like knobs are not side by side, so that you could find the right one even when fumbling. Very ergonometric.

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Correction

To the Editor of Commentary:

The Adulterer's Bible is so called from the Seventh Commandment having lost its "not." My "Hebraism and Hellenism Now" [July] presents a Thief's Decalogue. Between typescript and print I managed to lose the Eighth Commandment.

Milton Himmelfarb

New York City

Student Protest

To the Editor of Commentary:

Professor Walter Laqueur ["Reflections on Youth Movements," June] does well to remind us that there is nothing essentially new about either student movements of protest or student violence, and that there is bound to be an inherent ambiguity in any revolt based upon generational considerations. His contribution is the more welcome in that history is one of the intellectual disciplines that many of the student protesters find most repugnant, so that some of their intellectual and moral confusion arises precisely from their unwillingness to situate themselves and their views in historical perspective. On the other hand, the understanding that we gain from a knowledge of historical parallels should not lead us to overlook what is new in the current situation, nor to a suspension of judgment. Never was it less true that *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*

In many countries, Czechoslovakia for instance, student protest is playing its classical role in a situation where political liberties do not exist and where the majority is subject to oppression. But in Western Europe and North America this is not the case. On the contrary, the objective results of such agitation can only lead to a polarization of politics, leading either to the further expansion of Soviet Communist domination or (more likely in North America) to a fascist mirror image of the same thing. Some are consciously working for this end; others are being manipulated into doing so.

But even this is not new. What is new is not student revolt but a willingness to go along with some of its demands which represents a new and damaging *trahison des clercs.* The university leaders who accept demands for lowering entry qualifications, for so-called "black studies," for student participation in academic government, are betraying their vocation or revealing that they have not understood that modern Western civilization assumes that university teaching is a vocation. They have no more right to give in to demands which would lower the standards of the institutions they serve than a doctor would be justified in giving a patient a deadly drug because the patient clamored for it.

It is easy enough to analyze what has gone wrong with some of the young, not I think anywhere a majority. It is harder to trace by what devious routes, through what amalgam of vanity, cowardice, and a desire for popularity, the values of academe have been betrayed by so many who should be their guardians.

What Professor Laqueur's historical analogies do not make explicit is the fact that while there have been betrayals of the university ideal of free inquiry and disciplined teaching and research —and the Nazi experience is only the most notorious—there still has been for a long time in the West a certain consensus about what the proper relationships are between teacher and student and among teachers. Academics might hold the most advanced political views; this has not prevented them from insisting that objective truth was an ideal to aim at, and that good students and bad students could be distinguished by objective academic tests, as could useful and productive thought from mere twaddle. For a historian of ideas, the retreat from such beliefs in favor of jumping on whatever bandwagon of ideology or life-style happens to be fashionable at the moment is more interesting than the youth revolt itself. One must hope that Professor Laqueur will one day take up this theme too.

Max Beloff

All Souls College
Oxford, England

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3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

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We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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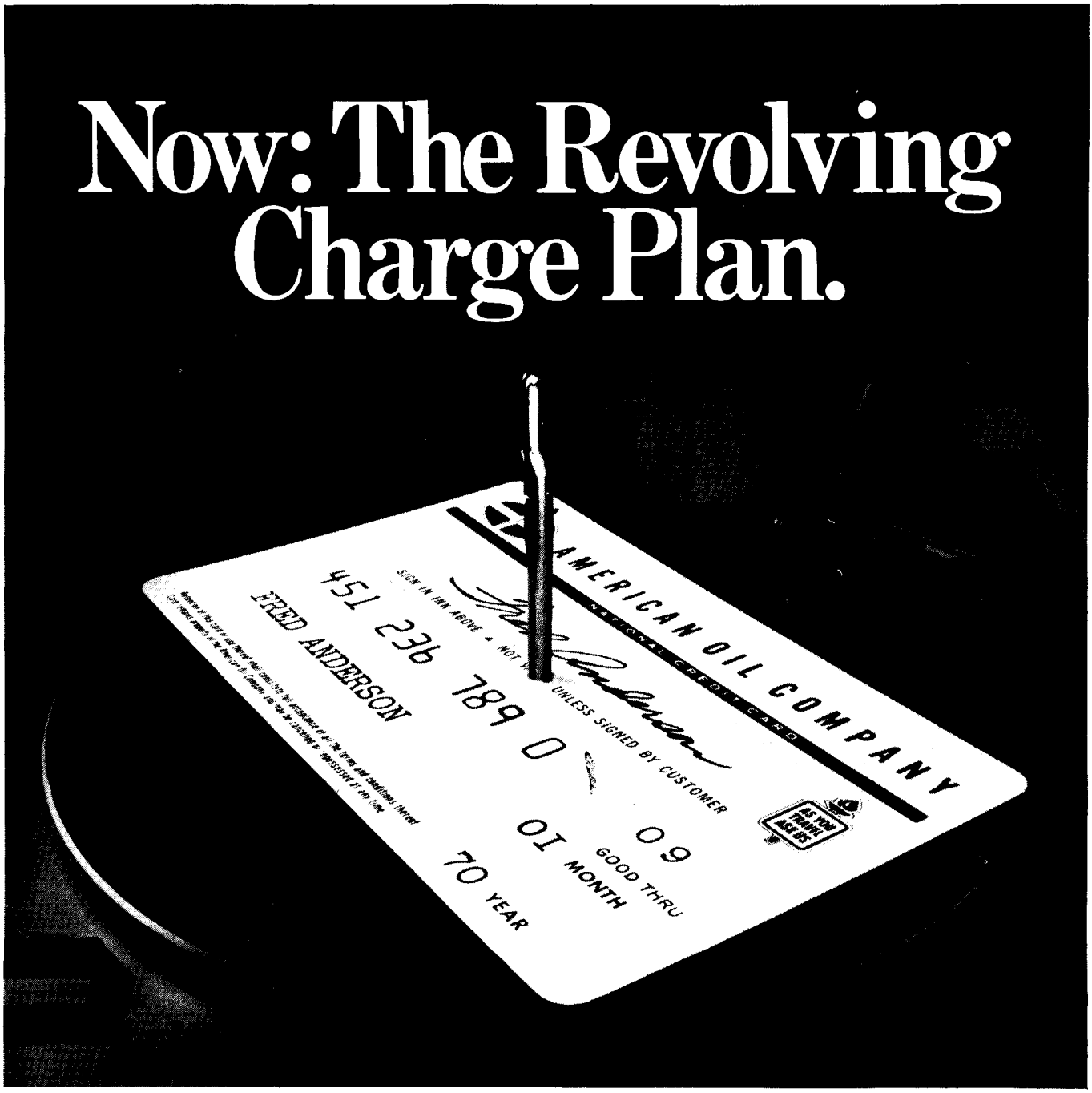

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Is There a Backlash Vote?

Maurice J. Goldbloom

THE PAST political year has seen a number of events which, at least on the surface, have appeared to herald the downfall of the traditional party structure. The campaigns of Eugene McCarthy and Robert F. Kennedy, propelled by an upsurge of popular opposition to the Vietnam war, brought with them a drive to reorganize the Democratic party in such a manner as to give a voice to groups which had hitherto been unable to find adequate political expression. At the other end of the political spectrum, George Wallace's candidacy seemed to embody those forces of know-nothingism which had in recent years been confined to the periphery of political life.

But in 1968 the traditional structure, geared to absorb rather than to reflect basic conflict, withstood the assault. This might not have been the case had Robert Kennedy not been assassinated. But he was, and with Humphrey and Nixon as the candidates, Vietnam—for a large part of the electorate the overriding issue—was effectively banished from the Presidential campaign. George Wallace's vote, though large, remained sectional and did not prove a decisive factor. (The Wallace vote cut into Nixon's strength in the South; in the North, where it had once seemed likely that Wallace would make significant inroads among workers, the unions succeeded in convincing their members by election day that he represented a threat to their standard of living.)

But neither "New Politics" nor "backlash" disappeared from the scene with the outcome of the Presidential election. On the Left, the New Democratic Coalition emerged from the campaign as an alliance of McCarthy and Kennedy supporters—though not all of these—together with a few who had backed Humphrey for the nomination. On the Right, efforts were made to perpetuate the organization that had been set up to back Wallace. On the whole, there is little evidence so far that these latter efforts have borne significant fruit; party organizations have been set up nationally and in a number of states, but rather few people seem to have become involved. But the forces on which the Wallace campaign drew have remained in being. In the South, Congressmen and local officials who had backed the governor continue to hold the posts to which they were elected on the Democratic ticket. And throughout the country the John Birch Society, which played a key role in organizing the Wallace campaign and recruited new strength in the process, has remained active, both overtly and through such fronts as committees to "support your local police."

In a number of elections and primaries so far in 1969, both New Politics and backlash have played a role. But it has not been an easy one to assess. The results of the municipal elections in Minneapolis and Los Angeles and of the primary election in New York City have been interpreted by many as symptomatic of a general swing to the Right, a swing that is motivated by popular reaction to black militancy and student disorders. This, however, is far too simple an explanation: some voters were certainly influenced by such factors, but with the possible exception of Minneapolis, the number of votes attributable to them appears to have been relatively small. (Even in Minneapolis, the disorganization of the Democratic-Farmer Labor party, traceable to last year's struggle between the city's two favorite sons, seems to have played the more important role.) This is not to deny the existence of widespread resentment toward the "confrontationism" of some student and black militant groups—a resentment which is frequently extended to include *all* student and black activism—or the popularity of the slogan "law and order." It is merely to say that instances in which these factors are politically decisive are still rather few; for most people, other considerations remain paramount. Most of those who vote for candidates stressing the "law and order" issue to the exclusion of other questions are people who would have voted for right-wing candidates in any case; most people who have habitually voted for liberal candidates still do. Their fear of revolutionary, or simply criminal, violence is on the whole still of smaller magnitude than their fear of repressive violence.

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TO BEGIN WITH Los Angeles: whatever the recent elections in that city indicate—and the factors involved are so complex that it is dangerous to draw any general conclusions—they do *not* demonstrate any clear swing to the Right. For Los Angeles is a city which for several decades has consistently elected right-of-center mayors and has almost as consistently voted Republican in state and national elections. Indeed, given the choice of two conservatives the city has usually chosen the one farther to the Right. Los Angeles is also a city with a long history of racial discrimination, most blatantly against Orientals and Mexicans but also against Negroes. The striking thing is not that Thomas Bradley, a member of the national board of the New Democratic Coalition and a Negro, lost out to Mayor Sam Yorty after leading the field in the primary, but that he got 47 per cent of the vote. No other liberal has come that close to election in Los Angeles in the past half century.

At the same time, however, it cannot be said with any certainty that the Bradley vote represented a swing to the Left. For Bradley, despite his personal liberalism, had substantial conservative support. Some of this support may be traced to the law-and-order image from which Bradley, as a career police officer, benefited to some extent. More was based simply on opposition to Yorty, whose incompetent and scandal-ridden administration had disgusted large numbers of Angelenos irrespective of their political views. (Writing in the AFL-CIO *News*, John P. Roche quoted a description of Yorty as a man whose "idea of morality is to sell his grandmother, but deliver somebody else's.")

After leading the field in the primaries, Bradley increased his vote in the election by only a little more than a third while the Yorty vote doubled; this is not all that surprising, however, since the candidates eliminated in the primary were to Bradley's Right. It is true that Congressman Alphonso Bell, a moderate Republican who polled approximately a hundred-thousand votes in the primary, threw his support to Bradley, as did the Los Angeles *Times*, which had originally backed Bell, and Bradley may well have received most, though he certainly did not receive all, of the Bell ballots: the increase in Bradley's vote between April 1 and May 27 was almost exactly equal to the Bell vote. But the two groups of voters were not necessarily identical; some of the new Bradley vote undoubtedly came from other sources, especially from the approximately 140,000 voters who had not cast ballots in April but did in May.

Most of the new votes, however, went to Yorty; it was from them that he drew his 54,651-vote plurality. It seems fairly clear that many of these people came to the polls because Yorty's demagoguery had succeeded in arousing their fears of "black militants"—and to a lesser degree of student rioters, Communists, and assorted other menaces. Prior to the primary Yorty had ignored Bradley, apparently convinced that a Negro candidate could not offer formidable competition in a city where only about a sixth of the population is black. But the day after the primary Yorty began to use the race issue for all it was worth. He charged Bradley, first of all, with waging a "racist" campaign, appealing for the "bloc vote" of "black militants and left-wing extremists." Bradley replied that "it would have been suicide for me to run a racist campaign. The city is no more than about 15 per cent black. It wouldn't make much sense for me to make an appeal like that, now would it? I ran the same campaign in all parts of the city." And in fact Steven V. Roberts of the New York *Times* noted: "Mr. Bradley ran as if his color were irrelevant. He believed that people would judge his qualifications rather than his race, no matter how many politicians said, 'Los Angeles is not ready for a Negro mayor.'"

This did not, of course, mean that Bradley's color *was* irrelevant in the eyes of the electorate. The Negroes of Los Angeles voted overwhelmingly for him—though it should not be forgotten that they had voted just as overwhelmingly for Lyndon Johnson against Barry Goldwater. There were also some whites who voted for him because it made them feel virtuous to cast ballots for a black man. There were a great many more, on the other hand, whose votes Bradley could never hope to get because of his color. (While it may be argued that people so deeply prejudiced would have been rather unpromising territory even for a *white* candidate with Bradley's liberal views, the fact is that a great deal of voting ignores questions of principle; plenty of bigots voted for Robert Kennedy.) And then there were the voters who might have backed Bradley but were susceptible to pseudo-rational racist appeals of the sort that Yorty employed.

Thus to Mexican-Americans—about a tenth of the Los Angeles electorate, and a group among whom Yorty had always had strong support—the Mayor argued that Negroes were already getting an undue share of attention and assistance at the expense of other minorities. A coalition between Negroes and voters of Mexican descent—"chicanos," as they are called in Los Angeles—would, he said, help the Negroes gain still further advantages at the expense of Mexican-Americans. The majority of chicanos, as it turned out, did vote for Yorty, although one cannot be sure how many did so in response to his appeal to race, and how many simply in order to support a politician who had always cultivated them.

SIMILARLY, Mayor Yorty sought to play on Jewish fears of black militants by such devices as "A Message of Conscience," sent out with a covering letter from twenty-one rabbis on the

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stationery of the "Non-Partisan Citizens Committee for Mayor Sam Yorty." (Most of the names on this committee ring no bells. But its Treasurer was Louis Warschaw, whose wife is the Democratic National Committeewoman from California and daughter of the founder of the Harvey Aluminum Company, a firm which has waxed fat on the benefactions of Democratic administrations. Other members with familiar names were Harvey Firestone, Edward G. Robinson, and the lawyers F. Lee Bailey and Melvin Belli, both of whom have had clients even harder to defend than Sam Yorty.) The document that went out under these auspices warned:

THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU:
Exploited by fear and intimidation.
"BLACK MANIFESTO"

"Brothers and Sisters:
". . . We are an African people. We sit back and watch the Jews in this country make Israel a powerful conservative State in the Middle East, but we are not concerned actively about the plight of our brothers in Africa.
". . . Caution is fine, but no oppressed people ever gained their liberation until they were ready to fight, to use whatever means necessary, including the use of force and the power of the gun to bring down the colonizer."

Presentation by
James Forman
Delivered and adopted
by the
National Black Economic
Conference in Detroit,
Michigan, on April 26, 1969

It continued:

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN HERE!
IS LOS ANGELES A TARGET CITY?
*A BATTLEGROUND FOR MILITANTS!
James Forman

*A BATTLEGROUND FOR COMMUNIST CAUSES!
Gus Hall

*A BATTLEGROUND FOR PARTISAN POLITICS!
"Big Daddy" Unruh

*A BATTLEGROUND FOR ORGANIZED CRIME!
Las Vegas Interests

One scarcely needs to observe that the *only* basis for using Forman's statements against Bradley was that the two men were of the same color. Yet crude and ugly as this type of propaganda was, it worked—not on most Jews, but on some. Predominantly Jewish areas which had been expected to give Bradley overwhelming margins still went for him, but only by about five to four.

Similar ploys were also used on other parts of the white community, and undoubtedly had their effect. So did Yorty's evocation of student rebellion in his assertion that Los Angeles was "one big campus," ready to be taken over by radicals. Again, despite Bradley's many years on the police force, Yorty accused him of being "anti-police" and warned that if Bradley were elected there would be mass resignations from the force. To bolster this argument, he put on television the widow of a former police chief notorious for his anti-Negro bias.

Elections for other municipal offices in Los Angeles produced results roughly similar to those of the mayoralty race. The Rev. James Jones, Negro President of the School Board, and Dr. Ralph Richardson, another liberal incumbent who had run unsuccessfully for State Superintendent of Schools against Max Rafferty, were defeated by two rightist candidates by margins approximately the same as that in the Yorty-Bradley contest. But at the same time a third seat was won by a liberal, Dr. Robert Doctor, who had twice before run unsuccessfully for the Board; liberals thus retained a one-vote majority on the School Board. On the new Junior College Board, however, rightists won five of seven seats—although the highest vote of any candidate went to a liberal, Edmund G. Brown, Jr., son of the former governor. In this race the central issue was student rebellion, and public resentment gave the hard-liners a majority. Even so, their victory was far from overwhelming.

On the whole, the Los Angeles vote seems to indicate that a traditionally right-wing area is still right-wing, but by a rather precarious margin. In this year's municipal elections that margin was preserved, to a very considerable degree, by the use of flagrant appeals to racial fears and prejudices. It seems unlikely that more than 10 per cent of the vote, at most, can be attributed to "backlash," even if that 10 per cent decided the election.

THE SITUATION in Minneapolis is in many ways almost the direct opposite of that in Los Angeles. Whereas the Los Angeles tradition is one of conservatism or even reaction, Minneapolis has for over half a century been a stronghold of progressive and radical movements. In that period of time the city has voted in turn for mayors who were Socialists, Non-Partisan League Republicans, Farmer Laborites, and Democrats (these last in Minnesota still feel it necessary to add "Farmer-Labor" to the name of their party). In the 1968 Presidential election Minneapolis gave three-fifths of its vote to Hubert Humphrey, after supporting Eugene McCarthy for the Democratic nomination.

Los Angeles is an ethnic potpourri whose citizens, to a large extent, were born elsewhere; about a sixth of the population is black, while Jews and Mexicans account for about a tenth each. Minneapolis, in contrast, is overwhelmingly populated by people of North European and especially Scandinavian origin. Negroes constitute only about 3 per cent of the population; Jews are comparably few, although they play a role in the city's life which is out of proportion

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to their numbers. There have been no major racial or other disturbances in Minneapolis, in contrast to the Watts uprising that shook Los Angeles.

But in Los Angeles, Bradley had the united support of radical intellectuals and young people who had supported McCarthy and Kennedy, most of the Democratic leadership, the great bulk of the labor movement—if a much smaller proportion of union members—and, after the April primary, many business leaders and moderate Republican politicians. In Minneapolis these groups were divided. The Democratic-Farmer Labor party was demoralized and badly split. It had suffered serious damage from factional strife even before the 1968 campaign; the struggle between supporters of former Lieutenant Governor A. M. Keith and former Governor Karl Rolvaag cost the party the governorship in 1966, when Keith won the endorsement of the party convention but Rolvaag then beat him in the primary, only to lose the election to a Republican. The Humphrey-McCarthy battle for the Presidential nomination was even more traumatic for the party in Minneapolis than it was elsewhere, since both men claimed the city as home base. And although Mayor Arthur Naftalin had been elected to four successive terms before deciding to retire temporarily from office, the Republicans had control of the City Council.

In 1968, McCarthy followers, largely based at the University of Minnesota, had won control of the party organization by flocking into the precinct caucuses; they had squeezed the Humphreyites, largely trade unionists, out of the county convention and other party posts. But, having won their immediate objective, most of them ceased to be active; fewer than half the eligible delegates turned up at the city convention of the party in March of this year. The two main candidates for the party's mayoral nomination were Aldermen Robert McGregor and Gerard Hegstrom. The former had been Mayor Naftalin's closest collaborator in the Council, while Hegstrom, a former FBI agent, had the backing of the McCarthy wing. He got the support of a majority of the convention, and was the only D-FL candidate in the mayoral primary. But he was not endorsed by the trade-union movement, normally the backbone of the party. The Central Labor Union remained neutral, while the Building Trades Council backed the Republican candidate, City Council President Dan Cohen. Lack of union support also meant lack of money. In addition, Hegstrom's campaign was reportedly poorly managed by a young McCarthyite until ten days before the primary, when Humphrey's press secretary was brought in to take over.

In the primary Hegstrom was eliminated, getting 19,289 votes as against 21,851 for Cohen and 30,220 for Charles Stenvig, a city detective and President of the Police Federation, who ran as an independent. Hegstrom carried only the two wards immediately adjacent to the University of Minnesota; Cohen won two traditionally Republican upper- and upper-middle-class wards; Stenvig carried the other nine, doing best in the working-class areas which were traditional centers of Democratic-Farmer Labor strength.

Stenvig's campaign centered on a promise to "take the handcuffs off the police." He said: "I think the citizens of Minneapolis, as well as everywhere else, object to a few hoodlums dictating the policies for the majority of hard-working, law-abiding citizens." Most of the more articulate citizens of Minneapolis were stunned and humiliated by the Stenvig vote. After the primary, they sought to put together a bi-partisan coalition behind Cohen, although many of them were by no means happy with him either. The Central Labor Union abandoned its neutrality and threw its support to Cohen; he also had the backing of a D-FL committee headed by the chairman of the Fifth Ward D-FL club, and endorsements from President Nixon and Governor LeVander. But neither the Republican nor the D-FL organization was solidly for Cohen; Stenvig's campaign coordinator was a Republican ward vice-chairwoman, and he also had the endorsement of the D-FL organization in one of the strong union wards.

In the election, Stenvig polled 61.8 per cent, carrying eleven wards to Cohen's two—the same two Cohen had carried in the primary. The heaviest Stenvig votes came again, as they had in the primary, from the working-class areas which had been traditional centers of D-FL strength, as well as from those normally Republican sections where Goldwater had done best in 1964. The endorsement Cohen had won from the Building Trades Council and the Central Labor Union seems to have had little impact on the working-class vote; most of the D-FL support he picked up came from intellectuals and McCarthy supporters.

Certainly there was an important element of backlash in the Stenvig vote—but it was probably not primarily racial in character. E. W. Kenworthy of the New York *Times*, writing after the primary but before the election, stressed the role of the Harvard and Cornell riots, which seemed to him to have played a much greater role than any local developments. "By general agreement," he wrote, "two backlashes worked for Mr. Stenvig the policeman—one against the campus militants, whether Negro or white, and the other against the D-FL which could not put its own house in order." Stenvig himself emphatically rejected any charge of racism, and talked of appointing "black Americans" to office. His tone in discussing the subject had a certain patronizing quality, but apparently a good many Negroes believed him; he split the Negro vote

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more or less evenly with Cohen in the runoff. (Most of it appears to have gone to Hegstrom in the primary.)

But more than anything else, Stenvig's vote appears to have been based on resentment against the Establishment—*any* establishment, whether political, economic, intellectual, or trade-union. In this respect it had something in common with the "New Politics" and even the "New Left"—but more with the McCarthyism of the 50's. The anti-democratic potential of this kind of generalized resentment, should it become institutionalized in a political movement, is obvious. In Minneapolis, however, there is no movement, but so far, at least, only an emotional reaction, perhaps not unlike the wave of feeling that once swept Vincent Impelliteri into office as Mayor of New York as an independent, after he had been rejected for his party's nomination. Nor does Stenvig seem the sort of person to turn it into a movement. On the whole, he appears to be a rather simple and well-intentioned man, somewhat bewildered by his new responsibilities. He has spent a good deal of time since the election conferring with retiring D-FL Mayor Arthur Naftalin and learning the ropes from him. He has also asked Naftalin's executive secretary to stay on temporarily.

Meanwhile, however, the Democratic-Farmer Labor party has not only lost the mayoralty but has been still further weakened in the City Council. The seats formerly held by Aldermen Hegstrom and McGregor fell to the Republicans, who now outnumber the D-FL 11-2. It may be doubted, however, whether this has any implications for national politics. Although the D-FL's local position was already substantially eroded, not only Humphrey but the Democratic Congressional candidates won resoundingly in the city last November. Indeed, one reason for the decline of the D-FL in Minneapolis may be that its ablest and most popular figures *are* active on the national scene, while its representatives in local politics, aside from the temporarily retiring Naftalin, are not particularly distinguished.

THE SITUATION in New York differs in major respects from that in either Los Angeles or Minneapolis. Like Minneapolis, New York has a strong liberal tradition. But it is a tradition not embodied in any one party; rather, it is something to which any party has to conform if it wants to stay in business. With the exception of the one-year accident, Vincent Impelliteri, New York has not elected a right-wing mayor in the last half century. Of course, the forms and degrees of liberalism have varied; certainly there is a striking difference in style, and sometimes in consequences, between the quietistic abdication of a Robert Wagner and the often frenzied and unpremeditated activism of a John Lindsay.

Unlike Minneapolis, however, New York is a city of minorities. And it differs from Los Angeles too in that whereas the latter city still may be said to have a majority group, consisting of persons of North European stock, there is no one majority group in New York, there has not been one for many years, and there is not likely to be one in the foreseeable future. (Jews, the largest single group, constitute about a fourth of the city's population; Negroes, the next largest group, probably less than a fifth.) As a consequence, the special nuances of New York liberalism are largely determined by the shifting relations among the city's ethnic groups.

It seems at first glance amazing that in a city with New York's tradition both major parties should have nominated mayoral candidates well to the right-of-center in this year's primary. But it would be wrong to regard this in itself as a sign of any large-scale shift to the Right in New York politics. Rather, it is the result of the coincidence of quite different factors affecting the Democratic and Republican parties respectively. In the case of the Democrats, the results reflect the decomposition of the old organizational structure and the failure, so far, to develop a new one in its place. As for the Republicans, the primary vote had to do more with ethnic factors than with ideological ones.

The victory of Mario Procaccino in the Democratic primary resulted from the internal division of the liberal forces in the party, which lacked the discipline of any genuine organization. Three candidates—Herman Badillo, James Scheuer, and Norman Mailer—had ties to the New Democratic Coalition; so did some, though not most, of the supporters of Robert Wagner. (The New York Reform Democratic movement had, after all, grown up in alliance with Wagner when he was mayor; Herman Badillo was a Wagner protégé.) With one candidate, Procaccino, appealing to conservatives, and four dividing the liberal vote, a Procaccino victory was reasonably predictable. What was surprising was the narrowness of Procaccino's margin: he got less than a third of the vote, which is a slightly lower percentage than the one with which Vincent Impelliteri lost to Robert Wagner in 1953.

In the Republican primary, won by John Marchi, the crucial factor was that almost half the enrolled voters were of Italian descent. Lindsay's support in the Republican party came primarily from white Protestants of North European stock —persons of English, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian descent. But these groups, which had once formed the bulk of the Republican party of New York, have for many years been a diminishing component of the city's population, both relatively and absolutely. Their numbers have been depleted both by a low birth rate and by migration to the suburbs; they now supply less than a fourth of the enrolled Republicans.

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Many—but by no means all, and probably not even most—of the Italian voters enrolled in the Republican party are political conservatives, and very few are ideological liberals. But a great many indeed are people with no strong political views one way or another; many Italians joined the Republican party in New York because they had been Republicans—that is, against the monarchy—in Italy, and they and their children have remained Republicans from force of habit. But if they do not have any intense political convictions, they do have a very strong sense of ethnic solidarity, developed at least partly in self-defense against the discrimination which they have faced here. Because of this they tend to vote for *any* Italian—whether a Vito Marcantonio or a Vito Battista. Under the circumstances, then, Mr. Lindsay did amazingly well, although his running-mate, Fioravante Perrotta, understandably ran well ahead of him and won the Republican nomination for Controller. The similar success of Sanford Garelik, Lindsay's candidate for President of the City Council, may well have been due to the attraction exerted on "law and order" voters by this former Chief Inspector of the Police Department; also, his opponent was Irish, not Italian.

IN THE municipal election to be held in November, a new set of circumstances will affect the vote. Although New Yorkers are fairly independent in their voting habits, the number of straight-ticket voters is still very large and the appeal of "party loyalty" very strong. Historically, Republican candidates like Lindsay, LaGuardia, and the late Stanley Isaacs have benefited substantially from this loyalty, while at the same time picking up enough of the floating independent vote (with the aid of third-party endorsements and "independent" lines on the voting machine) to turn the normal Republican minority into a majority. So have Democrats of all hues. But this fall, the beneficiaries will be Procaccino and Marchi. Nevertheless, in a three-way race Lindsay would almost certainly win; the independent vote that he can count on is a good deal larger than the straight party vote that would stick to a right-wing—and otherwise not notably attractive—candidate like Procaccino. What the outcome would be if a strong liberal Democrat, such as Herman Badillo or William Fitts Ryan, entered the race, is very difficult to predict. John Marchi stands little chance in any case. In the 1964 Presidential election Barry Goldwater polled only about 27 per cent of the New York City vote; with Procaccino now dividing the right-wing vote, it is unlikely that Marchi could do as well, and even if he did, he could win the mayoral race only in the unlikely event that the remaining votes were almost equally divided among his three opponents. Under such circumstances, however, Procaccino's chance of winning would be rather better than even. No citywide Democratic candidate in recent history, whatever his political views or personal disabilities, has polled as little as a quarter of the vote.

The Democratic primary did bring two surprises to many observers; Robert Wagner ran worse, and Herman Badillo better, than had been expected. Wagner's campaign was based on two main things: an appeal to the voters' nostalgia for a more peaceful era, and the support of organized labor. Nostalgia was there, certainly, and supplied most of Wagner's votes; there just wasn't enough of it. As for organized labor, its support was undoubtedly important in terms of the campaign funds it made available, and it probably also brought the services of some campaign workers, though not very many. But labor support of Wagner was by no means complete. The Central Labor Council, presided over by Harry Van Arsdale, backed Wagner in the primaries without recorded dissent, but the unaffiliated Teamsters endorsed Lindsay. (Reportedly, they supplemented this by unofficially passing out Procaccino literature.) Other unions, affiliated with the Central Labor Council, also supported Lindsay; these included the Millinery Workers, who share their president Alex Rose with the Liberal party, Lindsay's chief sponsor, and the New York District Council of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Workers.

There is no evidence, however, that the unions were able to deliver the votes of their members in any significant quantity. There are, to be sure, unions which do have enough influence over their members to induce a substantial number of them to vote in accordance with the advice of the union leadership; on the whole, these are also the unions in which a higher than average degree of communication exists between leadership and membership. What most unions can do is present their members with relevant facts that may influence their votes; this was done very effectively by the AFL-CIO Political Action Committee and the United Automobile Workers in the last Presidential campaign and unquestionably weaned many voters away from George Wallace. They can also use their organization to make sure that workers come to the polls to vote their own desires, which on most issues can be expected to coincide with those of the union leaders, since their interests are the same. But this is by no means inevitably the case; there are times when the leaders of unions are so little able to influence their members that the best they can do is to encourage them to stay home. Nor are all unions equally efficient at even the elementary task of getting out the vote; in New York City, few—other than those of public employees—even make more than a perfunctory effort to do so.

Ethnic factors played a relatively limited part in the New York primary. In the Republican con-

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test they worked, as I have noted, in favor of Marchi and Perrotta. (Procaccino benefited in the same way.) Herman Badillo in the Democratic primary received almost solid Puerto Rican backing, though most of his votes came from other ethnic groups. Although Jewish voters were certainly the largest single ethnic group voting in the Democratic primary, the two Jewish contestants—Norman Mailer and James Scheuer—were at the tail end of the race, polling less than 10 per cent of the vote between them. And the single black candidate for citywide office, Assemblyman Charles Rangel, got only a minority of the Negro vote.

Perhaps the most important single factor was geography. The antithesis between Manhattan on the one hand and Brooklyn, the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island on the other showed up very clearly in both party primaries; Manhattan voted heavily for Badillo and Lindsay, while the other boroughs destroyed them. Badillo's home borough of the Bronx gave him a good vote, though Procaccino slightly outpolled him, but in the Republican primary the Bronx was Marchi territory.* With the exception of the Italians and Puerto Ricans, members of most ethnic groups seem to have voted differently in different neighborhoods. Economic and cultural factors may have had some role in this; Manhattan certainly has more than its share of the well-educated and prosperous, while the other boroughs have proportionately much larger numbers of the lower middle class. It is also in the other boroughs that one finds the great mass of homeowners, people much more intensely concerned about the cost of government because they pay taxes directly, and much more afraid of anything (such as crime in the streets) that might threaten the value of their property. It was to these sentiments that Marchi and Procaccino directed their appeals.

In all this there was some component of backlash, obviously. Yet backlash did not play a decisive role; most New Yorkers voted very much as they would have a year or two earlier. This picture might change somewhat in a general election, since most of the people whose opinion of Lindsay has changed significantly over the past four years are not enrolled in the Republican party. But the Democratic primary did not show the predicted antagonisms between Jews and the newer minorities; by and large, their voting patterns were very similar.

In Manhattan, predominantly Jewish districts—like predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican areas—went overwhelmingly for Badillo. In the other boroughs, the "Jewish vote" is harder to isolate, because of the similar residential patterns of Jews and Italians belonging to the lower middle class and to the more prosperous sections of the working class. CBS reported on a citywide basis that predominantly Jewish districts had given Wagner 36 per cent, Procaccino 27, Badillo 23, Scheuer 9, and Mailer 5. NBC's estimate gave Wagner 38 per cent, Procaccino 27, and Badillo 21. To judge the accuracy of these figures for the *districts* involved would require a knowledge of precisely which areas were selected for the two estimates; they appear not to have been identical. But even if we assume their accuracy, the figures still do not necessarily give a picture of the "Jewish vote." With negligible exceptions, New York Jews do not live in solidly Jewish ghettos, and it is therefore not unreasonable to suspect that a large part of the Procaccino vote in those districts labeled "predominantly" Jewish came from the other ethnic groups, especially Italians, who happen to share them. (It is estimated that 40 per cent or more of enrolled Democrats are Jews and about 28 per cent Italians. Even if Procaccino got only four-fifths of the votes of Italian Democrats—probably a low figure—this would leave him with a vote from *all* other ethnic groups which would not equal a quarter of the Jewish vote. But Procaccino undoubtedly ran well among Irish voters—in one largely Irish district in Brooklyn he polled 63 per cent of the vote—and some of the other smaller groups. It therefore seems unlikely that his actual share of the Jewish vote was as high as one fifth.) †

IF THE primaries do not really show any significant shift to the Right in New York, they do present a picture of political fragmentation. The history of the Democratic party in New York City in recent years is that of a disintegrating coalition. The alliance of Wagner and DeSapio that defeated Impelliteri in 1953 embraced the entire Left and Center of the Democratic party, as well as some elements which could properly be assigned to its Right. Then, when Wagner broke with DeSapio and won renomination as an "anti-machine" candidate, he had the support of a minority of the regular organization, the entire Democratic reform movement, and most of organized labor (including those parts of it which nominally were affiliates of the Liberal party). In the recent primary the forces that had once been united behind Wagner were badly split. Wagner still retained the sup-

* The Democratic primary in the Bronx clearly showed the effect of a divided liberal vote. While Procaccino led the mayoralty poll, Robert Abrams—with united liberal support—defeated the old-line organization candidate for the nomination to succeed Badillo as Borough President.

† The Penn South cooperative housing development in Manhattan, sponsored by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, is roughly four-fifths Jewish and one-tenth Italian. Because of legal income limits, as well as its sponsorship, it is almost solidly lower-middle and working class. In the Democratic primary, Badillo received 831 votes—over 45 per cent; Wagner, 490; Procaccino, 250; Scheuer, 115; and Mailer, 151. At the same time, however, the Reform candidates for district leader and co-leader ran behind their old-line rivals; the Reform candidate for co-leader had been a strikebreaker during the teachers' strike.

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port of most of the labor movement, but his backing from the regular organization had sharply declined over the intervening years, and the growing strength of the reform Democratic movement had meantime gradually transformed the remaining "regulars" from a non-ideological alliance of office-seekers to a consciously right-wing bloc. At the same time, Wagner had lost his former allies of the reform movement, most of whom now backed Badillo, while others split off —decisively, as it turned out—to the splinter candidacies of Mailer and Scheuer. To top it off, the Liberal party—itself somewhat depleted by the departure of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union—supported Lindsay, as did some of the elements which had once been involved in the reform movement, and a few unions.

At present, there are no clear indications of a realignment shaping up that would be capable of restoring the sort of political stability that existed in New York in the O'Dwyer-Wagner era. That stability was based on an alliance of groups with disparate but not initially conflicting interests. They included non-ideological politicians interested primarily in retaining or acquiring party and public office; unionists with specific and limited economic goals (e.g., the building trades were primarily interested in policies that would maximize both public and private expenditures on construction, the needle trades wanted a police and judicial climate favorable to union organization, and so forth) ; ethnic minorities anxious to secure attention to their problems and representation in government and party councils commensurate with their increasing numbers; "reformers" who combined a variety of ideologies with a willingness to subordinate them to the immediate goal of expanding their foothold in the party and governmental machinery.

It was an alliance which always contained within itself the seeds of disruption. The ambitions of reformers, Wagner regulars, and ethnic political leaders were compatible so long as all were united in attempting to wrest power from the anti-Wagner section of the organization; they inevitably came into conflict when that goal was accomplished and the question became one of dividing the spoils of victory. The unity of the reform movement itself had from the beginning been threatened by the competition of individuals and groups attempting to use it as a vehicle for their own advancement; by the latent ideological conflicts within it; and by the opportunity its loose structure presented for the disruptive operation of more tightly organized and disciplined forces. The very specificity of trade-union aims prevented the labor movement from being a dependable political bastion, while the ambitions of the newer ethnic groups brought them into conflict with other sections of the alliance when their demands shifted from rights—whose attainment diminished no one—to more material goals, which seemed, at least, to require sacrifices of an equally material kind by other members of the alliance. Such conflicts were exacerbated—just as in the past, when the Irish, Italians, Jews, and other groups had been establishing their beachheads—by the readiness of political leaders to utilize them as instruments for the consolidation and expansion of their own influence in one or another group.

THE RESTORATION of an alliance capable of mustering a stable majority will require a recognition by groups now divided by ethnic and personal ambitions, apparent short-term economic interests, and conflicting ideologies, that at least for the present their common interests are more important than their differences. Such a recognition will be made more difficult by the fact that, however much the *groups* in question may have to gain by an accommodation, a great many individuals will stand to lose their actual or projected status as independent potentates. Moreover, a coalition of this kind would require a degree of mutual trust that does not at present seem to exist. It may finally require, and would certainly be facilitated by, the emergence of a leader able to mediate and reconcile the differences of groups, and of a new structure in which the ambitions of individuals can be contained if not harmonized.

The time does not yet appear to be ripe for any of this. Wagner, who once precariously headed the liberal alliance, is obviously no longer able to reconstitute it afresh. Lindsay might perhaps have been able to create such a coalition had he directed his efforts to that end, but he chose instead to be a protagonist rather than a mediator in the conflicts which have split the liberals in the city; although he appears to have learned a good deal of political wisdom in recent months, it would be very difficult for him now to regain the full confidence of groups which have felt the weight of his antagonism in the past. Moreover, he has damaged his credibility in the eyes of many—even those who have regarded him as an ally on specific issues—by a partisan Republicanism of the sort that LaGuardia eschewed: one need only mention his nominating speech for Spiro Agnew. New York City may vote for individual Republicans, but it has no enthusiasm for the Republican party as such.

Badillo, had he won the nomination, would have had a good chance to reconstitute the coalition that had supported Wagner—at least until after the election. Badillo appears to have the necessary minimum of trust from all the groups involved; although some of them still have their reservations, they are for the present ready to give him the benefit of the doubt. Indeed, he may yet be able to play the role of conciliator; at present, however, without office or victory in the primary and without any strong organization

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of his own, he does not seem to have the authority to impose order on the chaos of New York liberalism.

The problems of liberalism in New York arise less from any resurgence of right-wing strength than from internal weaknesses. These weaknesses are to a large extent specific to the New York scene and—like those of the Democratic-Farmer Labor party in Minneapolis—seem likely to have little effect even on the role the city plays in national politics. Whatever the divisions within the city, and whatever the result in the upcoming municipal election, New York City may be expected to continue to elect a predominantly liberal Congressional delegation and to vote heavily for the more liberal of the major Presidential candidates.

THE LOS ANGELES, New York, and Minneapolis primaries and elections have received a good deal more attention than similar contests elsewhere, partly because their results were unexpected—at least to those who were observing from afar—and partly because New York and Los Angeles are always in the national eye (even if only as cinders), while Minneapolis is the home of Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy. But there have also been a number of less well-publicized primaries and elections in other, widely-scattered sections of the country; few of them seem to point to a growth of right-wing sentiment, and some suggest an opposite trend. In New Jersey, the Republican gubernatorial primary resulted in a decisive victory for a liberal Republican, sponsored by Senator Clifford Case, over a right-wing candidate backed by much of the party organization; in the Democratic primary Robert Meyner, an organization liberal of the Wagner type, swamped a right-wing rival sponsored by the once-dominant Hudson County machine and two candidates who divided the vote of supporters of the New Democratic Coalition. In Wisconsin, in one of the first elections to take place after President Nixon assumed office, the contest for the Congressional seat held since 1953 by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird was won by a liberal Democrat in a campaign in which organized labor—both AFL-CIO and the United Automobile Workers—played a major part. (The district, while largely rural, was the home of many workers employed in the factories of Kenosha and Racine.) The campaign, to be sure, did not lay great stress on national issues; the defeated Republican candidate was a state legislator and the Democrats centered their fire on his votes on state issues.

This was not true in the more recent by-election in Montana, for a seat which had been Republican for ten years. Here the contest centered on the issue of the Nixon administration's anti-ballistic missile proposals. The Republican candidate supported the ABM; the Democratic candidate campaigned against it, and won handily. No Congressional by-elections have resulted in shifts in the opposite direction, although Republicans have retained some seats they had previously held, as in the election of Barry Goldwater, Jr. from the San Fernando Valley district of California.

There does, however, appear to be one area—education—in which right-wing candidates have made some fairly important gains. This is particularly the case wherever racial issues are involved. I have already noted the results of the Los Angeles School Board and Junior College Board elections; the victorious conservatives, besides denouncing campus disorder, had campaigned against educational innovation in general and, in the case of the successful right-wing candidates for the new Junior College Board, against separate black-studies programs. Perhaps, given the voting habits of Los Angeles, they would have been victorious even had they not raised specific issues, but at least one may say that the electorate did not reject their position. A somewhat clearer case occurred in Denver, where the election for school-board members hinged on a comprehensive plan for integration worked out by the incumbent board. The plan had been adopted by a vote of 5-2, and two of the members who had supported it were up for reelection. Both lost by wide margins to candidates who opposed the plan, so that there is now a 4-3 majority against it on the board. There have been other similar instances, e.g., in some parts of New York State's Westchester and Nassau counties. It is hard to say whether these elections represent a trend; there certainly is an element of racial backlash involved in at least some cases, but it is also probable that the repudiated programs went beyond what the electorate had ever been willing to support.

Important as issues of this kind are, however, they play a relatively limited role in American political life as a whole. In large parts of the country such issues simply do not arise at all, or are so peripheral in their effect that they are far outweighed by other, more pressing concerns. Moreover, they do not necessarily carry over from local to national politics (except in the South, and, as the Wallace vote showed, in a few areas of the North). Racial prejudice, backlash, and widespread fundamentalist attitudes toward education, are sources of strength for reactionary movements and obstacles in the way of achieving liberal goals in all fields. But they are not necessarily insuperable, and given a vigorous liberal response, their national role is more likely to diminish than to increase. Thus, the Wallace movement had already begun to decline in strength by election day, and there is little evidence of any real organizational consolidation in its aftermath. Nor is this particularly surprising; much of George Wallace's vote came less in

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response to his particular appeals than as a result of an undifferentiated malaise. Many of those who voted for Wallace on election day had cast their ballots for Robert Kennedy in the primaries. Discontent of this sort—the same type of generalized resentment that manifested itself in the Minneapolis municipal election—certainly has a potential for danger. But it also offers a major opportunity to the democratic (and in most parts of the country largely Democratic) Left. There is no law of nature that says the discontented will necessarily prefer spurious solutions to genuine ones, if the latter are adequately presented. But as between two sets of spurious answers, there will always be many who reject the evil they know—in this case, those whom they associate with the Johnson administration, with its endless war in Vietnam and its tokenist approach to domestic problems—for the evil they have not yet suffered under.

THE SWING to the Right which some people feel has occurred in the Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and New York primaries may yet take place. In the present fluid state of American political life, all predictions are risky. If the war in Vietnam continues much longer, the resultant heightening of tensions might well produce an explosive situation from which the anti-democratic forces of both Left and Right could easily benefit. But if the war ends in the near future, there should be a marked decrease in political tensions. The war's end would solve the most pressing problem facing the country, and open the way for the solution of many others. Under such conditions people would be far more likely to vote their hopes than their fears.

David Danzig
1910-1969

WE MOURN the death of David Danzig, a valued contributor to COMMENTARY, a close associate, and a dear friend.

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The Second Year of the Cold War

A Memoir & An Anticipation

H. Stuart Hughes

To someone who has been out of government service, as I have, for more than twenty years, the present spate of revisionist history on the origins of the cold war makes curious reading. One's first reaction is pleasure: it seems that those of us who originally opposed the cold-war mentality have now been rehabilitated; a stand that once was branded as mistaken, quixotic, or possibly even "subversive," in the light of today's ideological temper (at least among intellectuals), looks very good indeed. The second reaction is more perplexed: the current accounts, many of them by younger historians who did not experience the events in question at first hand, strike us as just barely out of focus. The lapse of two decades, joined to the new perspective our country's colossal mistakes in Vietnam have suggested, has etched the opening stages of the cold war in a sharper and simpler outline than they had at the time. In ceasing to be current events and becoming "history," they have acquired an unsuspected firmness of contour; today's young historians know crucial details that at the time were the closely-guarded secrets of the top policy-makers. Yet there has been a corresponding loss along the way: something of the feel and taste of the late 1940's has slipped into oblivion.

Thus much of the present polemic goes far beyond the arguments characteristic of the era itself: the reasoning of the handful of civil servants in positions of middle-range responsibility who were trying to persuade their colleagues to damp down the mounting hostility to the Soviet Union was more ambiguous and nuanced than the judgments we are offered today. It was also less moralistic: what offended a number of us at the time was the self-righteous tone both of our country's public rhetoric and of the private talk of the conventional Foreign Service types. Now, twenty years later, we are faced with moralism from the other direction: it is the United States rather than Russia that currently stands accused. Still more, from the present historical vantage-point the decisive American acts of hostility seem to have come very early in the game—in the months immediately following the death of President Roosevelt in April 1945. The events of the succeeding period receive lesser attention. Yet to contemporaries it did not appear that way: when I myself got into the act, in the winter of 1946, I did not have the impression that I was arriving on the spot too late; although I found the ideological atmosphere in Washington quite different from what it had been when I had reported briefly back from Europe a year earlier, I did not think that the future had been foreclosed. The range of choice might be narrowing, but alternative paths still lay open. The year and a quarter from March 1946 to July 1947 is the period of the incipient cold war that I know the best—indeed, the only one on which I can testify with any confidence. It is also the one during which our country and the Soviet Union together reached the point of no return.*

My own involvement in these events was somewhat accidental. As a former intelligence officer in the oss, I had found my part of that organization—the scholarly, non-secret part—reassigned to the Department of State while I was still in Germany and in uniform. Coming home, unlike most of my friends, who quickly returned to academic life, I decided to tarry on in Washington. A few months later I found myself in charge of a large, sprawling, demoralized staff of experts known as the Division of Research for Europe. I had only just turned thirty: to all outward appearances, I had fallen into a prestigious job, with responsibilities unusual for one so young. The reality was rather different: my new division floated in limbo, distrusted by the State Department professionals and seldom listened to. After two years of bureaucratic frustration, I departed in early 1948, impelled by a mixture of ideological disappointment and the lure of university teaching.

But at least I had had a ringside seat on the cold war's shift from tentative to definitive shape and, in the slow-paced life of pre-air-conditioned Washington, a chance to reflect on what was going on. These reflections were not all of a piece: they oscillated between weary resignation and occasional explosions of wrath at the obtuseness of the conventional judgments—explosions that in

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* The emphasis it puts on this period is one of the many merits of Walter LaFeber's judicious study, *America, Russia, and the Cold War, 1945-1966*, Wiley, 1967.

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moments of particular annoyance at official complacency might sound pro-Communist. My area of expertise, of course, was Europe. In the second year of the cold war, European concerns still dominated the international scene. China had not yet been "lost," and besides, my counterparts in the research division for the Far East were accepted by the Foreign Service people far more as equals than was true on the European side. The purge of "old China hands" which was to sweep up diplomats and professors indiscriminately was as yet only a distant menace.

My main point of opposition to the wisdom of the State Department professionals had to do with their apocalyptic outlook on Europe. In the West, where they emphasized the threat of Communist subversion and revolution, I drew attention to the conservative recovery that was already taking place and to the possibility that the United States might eventually find itself aligned with authoritarian regimes of the Right. Where they saw crisis and collapse, I detected elements of continuity with the past and viewed the danger to society less in terms of what militant Communists might do than as the result of what routine-minded governments might fail to do in alleviating the misery of populations just emerging from the trials of war. In the East, I similarly found reasons for taking Soviet domination more calmly than was considered good form at the time. In short, I discovered the outlines of a new and unfamiliar kind of stabilization on both sides of what Winston Churchill had just baptized the "iron curtain."

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CHURCHILL's address at Fulton, Missouri, delivered in Truman's presence in March 1946, marked the opening of the cold-war phase in question. Matters that the statesmen of the West had previously spoken of in diplomatic euphemisms—however blistering their language in private—had now been laid bluntly on the line. The iron-curtain speech was followed almost immediately by a series of Soviet moves which suggested that Stalin in his own fashion agreed with Churchill's gloomy estimate—more particularly a strengthening of ideological curbs at home associated with the rise of Andrei Zhdanov and a shift of economic policy in Germany presaging the partition of the country. Such were the actions and the responses that sent the Soviet-American antagonism into high gear. A year later a similar cluster of events gave the cold war in Europe its permanent configuration: in March, the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine and the launching of a "Security Loyalty Program" in the United States; in May, the departure of the Communist ministers from the governments of France and Italy, and the Soviet-inspired elimination of the democratic leader Ferenc Nagy as prime minister of Hungary; finally, on the second of July, the Russian refusal to cooperate in the Marshall Plan and the veto on Polish and Czech participation that was its inevitable sequel.

The assumptions from which I—and a small group of friends and associates—judged this series of events differed both from the conventional cold-war stance that was then emerging and from the revisionist view that has recently become so widespread. Perhaps our standpoint was eccentric; certainly it seems forgotten today. Recalling it may help to restore to the year 1946-1947 the quality of bewilderment and moral untidiness it had at the time.

Our first assumption was that the cold war, however distasteful we might find it, was something more than the product of inflamed American imaginations; it was based on the irrefutable realities of an unprecedented situation—the Soviet domination of the whole of East Central Europe. I remember looking at a map in the autumn of 1944—when the Red Army, having chased the Germans from the Balkans, stood at the gates of Warsaw and Budapest—and concluding that a severe political reaction would set in at home when my countrymen awoke to what had happened. It never occurred to me that the American government could do anything to induce the Russians to "behave"; hence the subsequent controversy about Yalta struck me as largely beside the point. The cold war, or something resembling it, I took as a fact of life, the dominant fact in the lives of the unusual breed of civil servants among whom I worked: it could be reduced or attenuated—that was the purpose of our labors—but it could not be completely avoided, as some of the revisionist historians seem to imagine.

At just about the time in late 1944 when I was taking my look at the map, Churchill went to see Stalin in Moscow. The result was the celebrated spheres-of-influence agreement which assigned to the Russians a predominant role in the Balkans, while leaving Greece under Western supervision. The United States never accepted this arrangement, and its exact status remained unclear. Nor did those at my level in the State Department know of its existence. I first learned about it a half decade later when Churchill published the concluding volume of his wartime memoirs. I also learned later still that a minority of highly-placed figures in the American government, including Henry L. Stimson, Henry A. Wallace, and George F. Kennan, at various times and with varying emphases, had pushed the spheres-of-influence line.* In the second year of the cold war, my friends and I were quite in the dark on these matters: we reached the notion of spheres of influence on our own. This became our second

* Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., "Origins of the Cold War." *Foreign Affairs*, XLVI (October 1967), pp. 28-29.

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assumption—that the readiest way to mitigate the ravages of the incipient cold war was for our country to keep to its side of the iron curtain in the hope that the Soviet Union would oblige us by doing the same.

Thus in our minds the real drama—and tragedy—of the cold war was the progressive erosion or degradation of the spheres-of-influence idea. It was not within our style of thought to assign exclusive or even predominant blame for this state of affairs to one side or the other. We saw it rather as the result of a cumulative, mutually reinforcing series of mistakes and misunderstandings—an elaborate counterpoint in which our government and that of the Soviet Union seemed almost to be working hand-in-hand to simplify the ideological map at the expense of minor political forces, intermediate groups, and nuances of opinion. Our contention had been that if each side would stay out of the other's sphere, then each could tolerate substantial dissent within that sphere. Our prize exhibits were, in the East, the quasi-democratic functioning of the governments of Hungary and Czechoslovakia and, in the West, the presence of Communists in the French and Italian ministries. But as the year 1946-1947 wore on, it became increasingly apparent that all such "bridges" or way-stations were doomed. Their mere existence offered an excuse for one side to accuse its adversary of maintaining a fifth column in its midst. Virtually every move of either one—however neutral its intent—bred suspicion in the other. As Russians and Americans alike tried to shore up the governments of the countries dependent on them, each act of ideological buttressing was bound to produce a corresponding reaction in the opposing camp.

It may sound paradoxical to have believed that a de facto partitioning of Europe would have facilitated rather than hindered the building of bridges from one side to the other. But that was what eventually proved true. In the crucial year 1946-1947 the Russians were treating this partition as the legitimate consequence of their military victories and the indispensable guarantee of their national security: the Americans were speaking of it as abnormal and immoral. Such at least was their public rhetoric; in actuality our government was to accept piece by piece over the years a situation it had originally rejected in toto. The proof came a decade later, in the autumn of 1956, when the United States failed to go to the aid of the anti-Communist insurrection in Hungary. And the result was what my friends and I had predicted: once the Russians knew that the Americans would not step over the line into what they had always considered their own sphere of influence, a thaw in the cold war, the beginnings of liberalization in Eastern Europe, and the inauguration of East-West cultural contacts finally became possible.

But that is to get ahead of our story. In the context of the cold war's second year, what was of prime importance was that the spheres-of-influence concept survived in the State Department's bureaucratic underground. Moreover, those of us who thought in such terms acted on the conviction, which we seldom, if ever, explicitly expressed, that our chiefs did not mean quite what they said. This was our third assumption—that neither our own country nor the Soviet Union had any serious intention of resorting to force in its dealings with the other; neither would attempt a real power play at the other's expense. Perhaps there was wishful thinking in our attitude; certainly we needed to grasp at some shred of comfort to get us through the rigors of an inordinately depressing year. Yet we were less far afield than the revisionist historians who have defined "the object of American policy" in the immediate postwar era as "not to defend Western or even Central Europe but to force the Soviet Union out of Eastern Europe."* In my own experience in Washington I never found any solid evidence of such a plan. There were warlike noises aplenty—everyone from President Truman down talked tough when the occasion (ordinarily incarnate as Congress) seemed to demand it. But these pronouncements were exceedingly vague; they were far less sinister than they have appeared in retrospect. Before the Korean War the American capability in conventional arms was patently inadequate for the task of "liberating" Eastern Europe, and while atomic blackmail may always have been lurking in the wings, Stalin and Molotov, who prided themselves on their nerves of steel, were not allowing themselves to be frightened.

If a military showdown was tacitly ruled out, what remained? Was it simply a choice between preserving the close Soviet-American relationship of the period 1942-1944, and institutionalized hostility in the form of the cold war, as revisionist historiography seems to argue? At the time, my friends and I thought otherwise—and this was our fourth and final assumption. We believed that one could find an intermediate course between armed antagonism and a cordial *modus vivendi*. Such a course, we recognized, was inordinately difficult to chart, and I am far from sure today what its outlines might have been. The best I can think of is some formula like wary, cautious, mutually suspicious relations handled with the "correctness" and consummate diplomatic tact that Europe's precarious situation required.

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With the options thus narrowed, what was there that a middle-level official with my convictions could do? Nat-

* Christopher Lasch, "The Cold War, Revisited and Re-Visioned," the New York *Times Magazine*, January 14, 1968, p. 54.

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urally it was very little: in my division at least, we felt most of the time as though we were firing our memoranda off into a void. The atmosphere was that of Kafka's *Castle*, in which one never knew who would answer the telephone or even whether it would be answered at all. Two tasks, however, seemed possible: one was to try to explain that Soviet actions which our superiors thought outrageous would look rather less so if viewed in a spheres-of-influence context; the second was the notion of using America's economic power to build bridges between East and West.

While a whole succession of Soviet moves in the autumn and winter of 1946-1947 aroused official ire in Washington, the key event occurred in Hungary the following May. Hungary, we subsequently learned, had been treated in the original spheres-of-influence agreement in a peculiar fashion: as opposed to Bulgaria and Rumania, in which Soviet influence was to predominate, it had been assigned fifty-fifty to the Russians and to those oddly referred to as "the others." Parenthetically, it is also worth noting that Czechoslovakia and Poland were not covered by this agreement at all—hence the ramifying post-Yalta difficulties, particularly with regard to the latter. Such fine distinctions were lost on my friends and me: not knowing that any accord existed (even if unrecognized by our country), we simply assumed that the Soviet sphere should be considered coterminous with the area in which the presence or vicinity of the Red Army was the primary fact of life. Thus it seemed natural to us to lump with the two Balkan countries where Soviet influence was already entrenched, the three nations to the west of them, two of which had held relatively free elections and were struggling to maintain the basic minimum of democratic procedures.

The overthrow of democracy in the second of these, Czechoslovakia, in early 1948 has so caught the attention of historians as to dim the importance of the similar series of events that occurred in Hungary a year earlier. Yet viewed in retrospect, the destruction of Ferenc Nagy's Smallholders' party may be the more important of the two, as offering the first sign of what the Russians would and would not tolerate in the part of Europe they regarded as theirs. I am not sure today that I was right in saying as flatly as I did—I quote from a memorandum I wrote at the time—that "it was not the democratic character of the Hungarian government that brought down upon it the wrath of the Soviet Union. It was its foreign policy of cultivating the favor of the Western democracies, particularly the United States." The subsequent fate of Czechoslovakia was to suggest that with the cold war in high gear, internal policies alone might be sufficient to arouse Russian suspicion. Yet I think I was correct in arguing that the action in Hungary was a "routine and anticipated move on the part of the USSR to plug an obvious gap in its security system." Although "whittling down the Smallholder majority . . . had been going on for months, . . . the enunciation of the Truman doctrine accelerated the process," as did "the removal of the Communist ministers from the governments of France and Italy. . . . Once the United States had served notice that it was beginning to organize a counter-bloc," the Soviet Union was bound to tighten its grip on its own client states. And I concluded: "The coup in Hungary has really altered nothing: it has only destroyed a few illusions."

Some of the illusions, of course, were my own. On rereading after more than twenty years my note on Hungary, I find in it the tone of a rearguard action and of slightly desperate special pleading. The time was fast running out in which an effort to explain Soviet actions in East Central Europe could find a hearing in Washington. My second self-imposed task was more promising. Fortunately enough, my division was awarded the job of preparing preliminary studies for what later became the Marshall Plan. Besides reviving the flagging spirits of my associates, this technically challenging and ideologically congenial assignment gave me a chance to put on paper my thoughts as to the form an economic recovery program for Europe should take.

A MONTH before Secretary Marshall gave his celebrated commencement address at Harvard, I had noted down the following:

1. The aid program should be administered by an international body. . . .

2. Aid should be granted solely on objective economic rather than political grounds.

   a. No discrimination against Soviet satellites;

   b. No effort to give overt or tacit support to any particular political groups or parties;

   c. Reliance solely on the indirect political effect of improved standard of living, etc.

In a very general sense, the offer which Marshall made to the Europeans conformed to these criteria. I believed at the time and still believe that the plan which went by his name was the most statesmanlike action the United States took in the opening years of the cold war—indeed the only one that held out a real chance of bridging the widening chasm in Europe. And its rejection by the Soviet Union came as the last and bitterest of the succession of disappointments that my friends and I had experienced over the previous year. There is no need to retrace here the process of gradual reinterpretation by which the Marshall Plan eventually came to be viewed by both sides in a cold-war context. What is more relevant is to recall that such had been from the start the view of a large and influential body of State Depart-

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ment professionals; in their eyes the extension of the offer of economic aid to Eastern Europe was always rather perfunctory. Hence the sharp, dogmatic tone of my own memorandum on the subject. I felt that I was in the minority and that I had to argue hard. I also sensed that even small changes in the manner in which the offer was made might be crucial to its acceptance or rejection—that the Russians might oblige the hard-liners in my own country by confirming their predictions. My memorandum ended on a note of warning: "Any program stated in terms of 'either the Soviet Union cooperates or . . .' would almost certainly eventuate in the latter alternative being adopted; those already skeptical of the merits of a Europe-wide, undiscriminatory program would be proved right, and an outright anti-Soviet program would be the result."

* * * * * *

THUS THE curtain came down on a cruel year, during the course of which the mutually reinforcing squeeze from East and West finally left my friends and me without a standing-ground. I spent my last six months in Washington in a state of mild depression, punctuated by gloomy (and exaggerated) predictions of the fate that was about to overtake the democratic Left. Nor was my conscience as clear as in retrospect might be supposed of one who had fought and lost the good fight for Soviet-American reconciliation. In the summer of 1947 I had the trial and execution of Nikola Petkov to reckon with and that I found extremely hard to bear.

If Ferenc Nagy is almost forgotten today—as opposed to Imre Nagy, of 1956 fame—his agrarian counterpart in Bulgaria, Nikola Petkov, is probably even less remembered. Yet at the time these two, along with Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, the Polish peasant spokesman, and like Nagy a fugitive abroad, were celebrated as offering a democratic middle course between Communist domination and the rightist-authoritarian, anti-Soviet type of government that had ruled most of East Central Europe before the Second World War. It was hard not to feel sympathy for agrarian leaders who, after the briefest of respites, were finding themselves once more in the state of political persecution that had been their usual lot before the "liberation" of their countries. And among them the case of Petkov was the most compelling. As opposed to Mikolajczyk and Nagy, the Bulgarian chose the more perilous course of staying on in his own country and fighting what he must have known was a hopeless battle. Tried on trumped-up charges of collusion with the United States, he was condemned to death in August 1947 and hanged the following month.

My associates followed with anguished interest Petkov's stubborn struggle for survival. I recall a friend's showing me a report of a scene in the Bulgarian parliament and of the taunt "You are trembling, Nikola Petkov" hurled at him by a political enemy. The words struck me like a body-blow—as though I were in some sense guilty of Petkov's approaching death. And, as emotional truth, my reaction was not exaggerated. In our spheres-of-influence reasoning, in our anxiety to preserve good relations with the Soviet Union, my friends and I had hardened our hearts and in effect condemned Petkov and his like, just as we had consigned the populations of East Central Europe to Communist tyranny. We had done this with regret; we had sought to make a stand at every halting-place along the way; but in the end we had bowed our shoulders and given up as lost the agrarian leaders and the electoral majorities that either had voted for them or would have voted for them if they could.

This emotional actuality is above all what gets lost in revisionist historiography on the origins of the cold war—the doubts by which we of the bureaucratic opposition were shaken and which gave our policy recommendations so fumbling and tentative a character. The State Department professionals, the fledgling cold warriors, were troubled by no such scruples; they saw the moral issues in simple terms; their consciences were clear. Not ours—our efforts to adopt the coolly detached stance of junior statesmen were constantly undercut by a half-conscious recognition that we might be mistaken and that the policy we advocated carried with it an enormous price in human misery.

It was to be more than a decade before I recovered my equilibrium, before I was able to see clearly in what sense I had been right and in what sense the majority of American intellectuals had been wrong. Until the late 1950's the view prevailed that sympathy for the people of East Central Europe dictated a moral anti-Communism and that this sense of outrage in turn required an endorsement of the cold war. I simplify, of course—but such I think was the tacit assumption of most of the intellectual community: hence their reluctance to engage in any far-reaching critique of the official wisdom. Nor did the events of 1956 change many people's minds: the lesson of their country's total inability to react to the Soviet occupation of Budapest was lost on most of them. Not until the 1960's, and more particularly with the replay of Budapest that occurred in Prague twelve years later, did it finally sink in that in this case armed hostility was an inappropriate and counterproductive form in which to manifest the moral indignation with which it had so long been justified.

* * * * * *

THROUGHOUT the first eight months of 1968 I was haunted by a sense that I was back where I had come in, at first joyous as

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the Czech idyll took a course which was too good to be fully believed, then profoundly depressed. The familiar litany—1938, 1948, 1968—had a special personal immediacy for one who had been in State Department service two decades earlier. And this was as true of the spring of expectation as it was of the autumn of bitterness. Just as the 1948 coup in Prague had snuffed out the last flickers of the political "openness" in which my friends and I had vested our hopes, so in 1968 Alexander Dubcek suddenly materialized as the reincarnation of those hopes, as the living embodiment of the ideological synthesis—left Socialist in the West, liberal Communist in the East—that our moments of optimism had sketched out. The promised land we had glimpsed had never been very substantial. Yet this non-dogmatic, neutralist, Popular-Front type of government had been precisely what a large and distinguished part of the Resistance to Hitler had longed for. Events had seemed to doom it utterly. And then quite unexpectedly, in the early months of 1968, Dubcek and his colleagues were on their way to making it a reality.

This time the subsequent disappointment banished any thought of a cold-war solution. Those in the West who twenty years earlier had been profoundly divided on Czechoslovakia now saw eye to eye. Nearly everyone dismissed a military response as inappropriate: even the calls for a reinvigoration of NATO sounded perfunctory. It was as though it had taken two decades to realize that the cold war and the fate of the populations under Soviet control were separable issues and that an emphasis on the one was of little help to the other. The armed stand-off between the two superpowers could contribute nothing to improving the lot of the peoples of East Central Europe —rather the contrary; a question that was at bottom one of civil liberties, or of the quality of life, could not be dealt with by military means. In this respect, the Second World War had been the great exception to the more usual human experience: in 1944 and 1945 it had in fact proved possible—at least in the West—to liberate whole populations from tyranny at a price that the liberated were willing to pay. With the cold war and the thermonuclear nightmare which accompanied it, such surgery became too dangerous to be attempted. But the memory and example of the "crusade" that had succeeded confused men's minds—and especially those of intellectuals—for a half-generation.

IT WAS in this sense that my friends and I had been right two decades earlier. In the late 1940's I had been as incapable as the cold warriors of separating out the military from the civil-liberties aspect of events—hence my qualms of conscience. Today, in the light of what happened in Czechoslovakia in 1968, I am happier than I was at the time about the stand I took in the year and a half preceding the first seizure of power in Prague. Yet I am by no means satisfied with how revisionist historiography treats the events of twenty years ago. I refuse to accept the notion that my countrymen's anti-Communism was evil or misguided all along the line. In 1946 and 1947, as before and after, hostility to Communism made sense in certain contexts and was blind and self-defeating in others. More particularly it was not until a few Communist regimes or parties began to give a minimum respect to the human decencies that liberal-minded Americans could entertain much sympathy for them. And it is perhaps well that those too young to remember the immediate postwar era should hear such a simple truth from someone who twenty years ago labored under the suspicion of being "soft on Communism."

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The Oath

A Story

Leo Litwak

THERE WAS in our old Detroit neighborhood a restaurant called the Cream of Michigan, famous for its barley soup and delicatessen. It was a humble place, in a humble neighborhood, planted among haberdasheries and grocery stores. The Cream of Michigan didn't confine its service to the cream. It's true that you could find affluent gents from the suburbs with monogrammed hankies in the breast pockets of English-cut tweed jackets who sought the corn bread and barley soup of their youth. But the Cream of Michigan was mainly patronized by neighborhood people, men of the working class. It was also the special preserve of the Jewish toughs, our hoods, who occupied the counter and the front tables. When we passed behind them and glimpsed a rear view we saw bulls at a feeding trough with enormous backs and necks and jowls. They wore fedoras on small domes.

We knew a man who was a doctor to these hoods. This doctor entered the Cream of Michigan one day. He heard a quarrel and turned to look. A behemoth descended from his stool, grabbed a little guy who had irritated him, and with a twist and a twirl heaved him through the plate-glass window. The little guy crawled to the streetcar tracks where, as the doctor put it, "He exsanguinated." That was a new style for our people, our own hoods and killers. And after all the pretty talk is pared away, who were Arthur and his Knights? The cowboys of the West? Stenka Razin? Robin Hood? Admired butchers. It wasn't a style Jake cared for. The Jewish hoods were killing Jews, not dragons. It's not that they lacked sentiment. The jukebox at the rear of the Cream of Michigan played *Meine Yiddische Momma*, among other fine pieces, and these hulks grieved for mothers. Yet they could blot the tears, honk their noses, get down from their stools, and heave you through plate-glass windows. While you exsanguinated they finished their barley soup. My Pa, Jake Gottlieb, scorned these bums. He had no quarrel with sentiment. In memory of his own mother he could also weep. These oxen, though, when they were finished weeping were ready to pound your head with fists like boulders. They struck without sentiment; not even with hard feelings, and resumed slurping their soup. The incident with the exsanguinating man was rare since most of the damage they inflicted was off the premises.

There was one among our hoods, Happy Weinberg, whom we kids most admired. Weinberg had a sunny disposition and a freckled red face as tubby as the moon. When Happy grinned you saw white and gold. He had a laugh that was so exuberant you had to join in. He was fond of children; he let them hang around while he played pool. He probably got a boost out of the appreciation of children. I wouldn't have been surprised to find Happy watching cowboy movies on Saturday afternoon. I don't mean to represent him as a moron who happened to be a hood by accident—a buffoon first, secondly a bruiser. That isn't my intention. Because that big sunny face with the merry eyes might very well be focused on a brutal scene such as a girl being teased while her cowed escort is invited to be a bystander. If Happy gave a hard goose to your sister, you kept your mouth shut. Happy could unloose that infectious laugh while some frightened tailor was being slapped around. It was a good laugh, a real "ho-ho" that used all two hundred and fifty pounds of Happy. He was able to laugh at how absurd men look when they are being tormented. We kids didn't despise him for that. Weren't we instructed to be cool when murder was done? I'm speaking, of course, of our other models, Tom Mix and Buck Jones and Bob Steele and the Manassa Mauler and Achilles and Joshua and Sgt. York, not to mention Mickey Mouse and that crowd. His cool meanness, his cheerful sadism made Happy all the more admirable to us kids. Not to Jake Gottlieb, however.

Jake walked past the counter at the Cream of Michigan as if the hoods didn't exist. He wasn't about to surrender a first-rate delicatessen because hoodlums shared his appetite for good barley soup. With my brother Ernie and me in tow he marched to the tables in back and let people know that Gottlieb was around. He ridiculed the hoods. His comments were loud and clear.

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We often accompanied Jake to the Cream of Michigan, even in the summer when we were on vacation. On a rainy day we welcomed the chance to get away from our tent at the lake and take a trip to Detroit to have some restaurant food. But the prospect of Jake offending Happy and his cohorts scared me. These men needed little cause to heave you through plate-glass windows. Ernie made no effort to disguise his anguish. Happy Weinberg had an unpredictable sense of humor. He might laugh off Jake's abuse. He might even enjoy our nervy Pa. But he had a buddy, Whitey Spiegelman, who was dangerously sensitive. This Spiegelman wasn't to be teased. Ernie feared that Jake was ignorant of Spiegelman's possibilities. Such ignorance was a threat to us all. Spiegelman resembled a clerk. He was scrawny and bald and doughy-nosed. If a defined chin is evidence of power, he would be classed as timid and meek, for he had no chin. Yet, despite appearances, he was a dangerous man. We heard stories of sudden furies, provoked by trivialities. He swarmed over his opposition, flailing like a windmill, not stopping until his tantrum had run its course. He may have lacked Weinberg's heft, but he was relentless. He had exceptionally skillful hands. We saw him perform card tricks. We watched him move around a pool table, bending, sighting, then stroking quickly. It was foolish to provoke such a man.

One Sunday when our appetite for vacation ebbed, a succession of gray days, bickering, the tent closing in on us, we accepted Jake's offer of a drive into Detroit for a meal at the Cream of Michigan.

Again we had to listen to Jake's daring abuse, and I wished I was back at the lake. Better the dullness of our tent. But when nothing came of Jake's ridicule—the restaurant was crowded and every kid's pa had a big voice and every table had someone putting on a show—I relaxed and ate. I felt wonderful relief and became sassy myself.

We loaded up with delicatessen as we left. We were outside the restaurant when Happy Weinberg summoned Jake. He was waiting at the curb, leaning against the open door of a new Hudson. Spiegelman was at the wheel.

"Gottlieb, you old bastard. Say hello to a friend." It was an exuberant, high-pitched voice, a friendly tone that offered no threat.

Jake handed one package to Ernie and another to me and faced Weinberg with folded arms. "Do I know you? We've been introduced?"

"You're Gottlieb, the laundryman, OK? You work for Kravitz at Atlas Linen. Meet my pal Whitey Spiegelman." He leaned into the car and explained to Whitey Spiegelman that Jake Gottlieb was a friend. Spiegelman didn't seem impressed.

"I'm no friend of yours," Jake declared. It was clear that he offered a statement of policy, not merely fact. Did he take that strong line because his sons were present? We knew that Jake's tone was always pitched to an audience. Couldn't he, out of concern for us, have retreated on this occasion? I have a photo of Jake taken about that time, an impressive profile, a face that would attract a sculptor who wants to make something of a coarse-grained stone. A heavy face, a big chin, the short neck making a firm pedestal for the large head.

Happy bent down and faced me at eye level. "I see you boys around, don't I? You're Vic, right?" I was thrilled that he knew my name. "And this here is Ernie who hangs out with Lenny Mitchell. Lenny Mitchell is my buddy, do you know that? I take care of Lenny Mitchell. Well, you boys got some daddy. What big ideas he got. Don't be surprised if one of these days you find out that me and your Pa are in business. Weinberg and Gottlieb. How's that for a team?"

Jake said, "I got no business with you."

Happy straightened up and clapped Jake's shoulder, a good swat. "Don't be in such a rush, Gottlieb. I can do you favors."

"Why should you do me favors?"

"We got mutual friends."

"What friends?"

"Hy Kravitz."

"He's no friend."

"He speaks nice about you."

"By the time I'm finished with Kravitz," Jake said, "either he'll be out of business or he'll be paying us a living wage. You go tell that to Kravitz."

"It would be a special favor to me, Jake, if you talk nice to Kravitz. A friend of Kravitz is a friend of Happy Weinberg."

He only asked that Jake be reasonable and talk to Kravitz.

"You making threats?" Jake asked.

Happy appealed to us. "Did you hear me say anything, kiddies? What a touchy pa you got."

If Jake wanted to demonstrate that he didn't fear the most dangerous hoods on Twelfth Street, he had proved his point. What he said next made me dizzy.

"Listen, bums, with such arms and shoulders you should be standing in the front lines, breaking Nazi skulls. Instead, you specialize in old tailors. Tell Kravitz if he wants to speak to Jake Gottlieb, he can talk to him face to face. He don't have to use third parties."

Weinberg didn't need to make threats. His reputation made threats for him. If he greeted you, you were threatened. His tone of voice was irrelevant. I knew my Pa had been threatened and I trembled.

"We hear stories about them," Ernie told Jake as we left the Cream of Michigan. "You don't fool around with Weinberg and Spiegelman. They can do terrible things."

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We were under the spell of Weinberg's threat when Jake pulled us into the doorway of a closed Woolworth's.

"Listen, organizing a union is dangerous work. I don't hide that from you. Those bums mean me no good. But I assure you, boys, it doesn't give me a second of worry. I have been banged on the head; I have been hit in the face. No one intimidates your Pa, Jake Gottlieb."

"These guys are serious," Ernie said. "Nothing is beyond them. Anything goes."

Jake clapped our shoulders. He fixed us solemnly. It was an occasion he meant us to remember. I felt, as I'm sure Ernie did, that this was one of Jake's stagy moments.

"Boys, if anything happens to me, Kravitz will be responsible. Remember that."

Ernie asked, "What do you mean, 'Remember'?"

"Remember what I told you. Act according to your conscience. Never forget you are the sons of Jake Gottlieb."

Ernie was almost ready to explode. "Of course we won't forget. What a thing to ask."

"And act accordingly."

"Act? What do you expect us to do?"

"I shouldn't have to say more." Did he imagine himself the Papa of Mafiosos? "I only ask that you remember," he said. "Take an oath. Swear that you will do your duty by your Pa."

We stood among the Woolworth displays, sales on swim suits, suntan lotions, mosquito repellent, bug sprays, picnic utensils—reminded of the common pleasures of ordinary life at Walled Lake—and Jake demanded that we take an oath appropriate to the barren hills of Sicily or ancient Israel, but not Twelfth Street.

"Swear!" he ordered. "If something happens to your Pa, swear that you'll remember."

"What could happen? What?"

"You heard what this bum Weinberg said."

"It's foolish," Ernie said. "I won't swear."

Why was Ernie so obstinate? All he had to do was swear and Jake would be pacified. He insisted that we swear. He wouldn't budge from the spot until we did. However reluctantly given, he wanted our oaths. He wanted guarantees that his two sons would follow in his tracks and accept the consequences of his acts.

We squabbled in the doorway of Woolworth's. The threat of Weinberg no longer oppressed us. We fought each other.

"It's stupid. It's false! It's just melodrama!"

"Swear!"

We ignored inquisitive looks from passers-by.

Finally I said, "Yes, Pa. I swear." I said it to give him pleasure. Yet what wonderful relief after I swore to remember. That was always Jake's effect on me. He oppressed me; then he liberated me.

So Ernie also agreed. "OK. I will."

"You'll what?"

"I swear."

"Get Kravitz!"

We swore that if anything happened to Jake Gottlieb we would hold Kravitz to blame. The next time that Jake faced Kravitz and was threatened, Jake would warn him, "Anything that happens to me, happens to you. My boys will see to it."

He hadn't won Ernie's good will and so he wasn't satisfied. He stopped the car before turning into the camp. Again he gripped our shoulders and held us tight.

"I hide nothing from you. You are of an age to be men and you got obligations. Your Pa now speaks to you as men. You can see from our meeting with these hoodlums that I have enemies. They are dangerous and they have no affection for Jake Gottlieb. That suits me. That's my pleasure. I don't want their affection. Not a tiny bit. Such enemies give me no trouble. Not when I got two sons to take up my cause. So pay attention. I want you to swear an oath. If anything happens to your Pa, remember that Hyman Kravitz is the man. Get Kravitz."

We took the oath. We swore and not for the last time. Jake was in a risky business and he wanted guarantees of our loyalty. "Who knows how long I'll be around? Can you blame me if I want your attention?"

Ernie blamed him.

How could we take the oath seriously? Our Pa often assumed histrionic poses. Ernie swore, and then tried to put the oath out of mind.

"It's foolish," he told me. "He hams it up too much."

We numbed ourselves to what Jake asked. Did he set himself against Happy Weinberg? That was no match. Happy Weinberg at two hundred and fifty outweighed Jake by seventy pounds or more. Happy Weinberg, every day of his life, every hour of every day—including the night hours when he had bad dreams—plotted the most brutal use of his two hundred and fifty pounds. He was familiar with guns, brass knuckles, knives, pipes, blackjacks, bare hands. He saw all the world's furnishings as possible weapons. He studied each man he met with the obsession of a general who must consider any terrain he enters as a potential battlefield. Men were Happy Weinberg's battlefield. As for Jake, I never imagined his massive arms and his barrel chest to be tools of war. He dreamed of the day when the lion would be couched with the lamb. He couldn't sustain his ferocity. He only had moments. If he conquered you, he assumed your burdens.

Jake let everyone know about his meeting with Happy Weinberg.

"They have me marked," he boasted. "Spiegelman, Weinberg, the whole Cream of Michigan crowd. If they didn't know I had a big mouth

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and sons to avenge me, I'd long ago be planted in a wooden box."

Listening to him you could lose respect for his achievement. "Why doesn't he keep it to himself?" Ernie asked. "Why do we have to be told? What does he expect from us?"

"Shouldn't we share his troubles?"

"Even Weinberg and Spiegelman have their pride. There's no reason to insult them."

Jake believed in a homeric style of history and told whoppers in the manner of the Greeks. It didn't bother me. It was a respectable tradition. Didn't Achilles boast each night at the campfire? Didn't the heroes proclaim their pedigrees, cite their credits, advertise their power before launching spears? Despite the bragging, spears were launched; the glory merited. It wasn't a style for those raised in the laconic tradition of Gary Cooper whose silences, by the way, I always thought hammier and stagier than the bragging of more natural men. Jake's style suited me, if not Ernie.

I HAD terrible dreams. I woke up and saw Ernie in the cot opposite mine evidently in the same fix. Our nightmares had the same source. Jake made us swear and the oaths lay on our hearts like hot brands.

I remember a dream that Ernie and I must have shared. I dreamt that I rowed behind swimmers, crossing the lake. Jake was in the lead, flinging himself far ahead of the others. I rowed desperately to keep up. Fog closed us in. I thrashed the oars trying to keep Jake in view. I lost him. I rowed on and saw him floundering. He was stiffened with cramps. His enormous chin stretched to keep above the water. His eyes rolled. He grasped the side of the boat and tried to enter. He didn't have the strength. I couldn't reach him. He said to me, "Don't worry yourself, Sonny. It's all right." Then he went under.

It was not me, but Ernie whose shout woke up our tent. I jerked up, ready to yell and saw Ernie hanging over the edge of his cot, clutching for the man who sank in my dream.

Jake tried to comfort us when he showed up at the lake. He invited us to accompany him down to the beach.

"Your Ma tells me you have bad dreams."

The machinery of his arms and shoulders and chest was ponderous, as if sweaty effort was needed to get it under way.

"She says you wake up at night."

Ernie didn't want any inquiry into his dreams. He said his dreams were his own business.

"If our talk the other day has given you problems, I want you to forget about it. Put it out of your mind altogether. It wasn't my intention, boys, to give you worries."

"Of course that was your intention," Ernie said. "How can you say it wasn't? How can you ask us to take such an oath and then tell us not to worry?"

"I'll tell you what," Jake said. "Put it out of your mind. Forget it altogether."

"It's too late," Ernie said.

"I exaggerate. It's in my nature. You know your Pa, boys. He gets excited."

I didn't want to be let off. I knew the reputation of the Cream of Michigan crowd as well as Ernie did. They were interested in Jake and we ought to be worried.

Ernie said, "If only I could understand why you were so rude to Happy after he says that he admires you. Did you have to be so insulting when you could have turned him down in a nice way?"

"I should be a gentleman, you mean. You picked the wrong Pa, Sonny. Your Pa, Jake Gottlieb, speaks his mind. His tongue don't go around in circles."

Though they both may have had good intentions, they marched inexorably into conflict. Jake said that it wasn't his policy to stick his head in the ground in the face of danger. He feared no man. He dared Weinberg to do his worst. "This Weinberg you admire so much, this bum you call 'Happy,' this ignorant hoodlum, is nothing. I don't negotiate with this pig. He's nothing; I offer him nothing. He gets no respect from me. I treat him like he belongs in the wild woods or the pigsty. Nothing; a cipher. What someday you got to understand is that it's your Pa, Jake Gottlieb, who is something. Don't go looking so far from home if you want someone to respect. Try respecting your own Pa."

Ernie wanted to speak what would be most damaging; he also wanted to restrain himself from speaking. He said finally, "Why don't you let someone else blow your horn?"

Jake stopped and caught Ernie's arm. "Who?" he asked. "Who will do it for me? My sons? Can I rely on my sons to speak up for their Pa? There's no one else to do the job, so Jake Gottlieb advertises himself. Otherwise he would never be heard from."

"Why should anyone be heard from? I don't want to be heard from."

Jake shook him. "I worry about you. You got no sense. I'm worried that you'll bury yourself. You'll smother because you didn't have the nerve to fight." Jake shook him. "If you hide your talents who will see you? No one will come looking. Don't count on the generosity of strangers when you can't depend on your own children. Men will step on you just to be rid of the competition. They'll pretend they didn't know you were underfoot. You better make a sound. Yell out. Tell everyone who you are. You got plenty to brag about, a strong, intelligent boy like you, Gottlieb's son."

My brother said, "I'm nothing. I got nothing to brag about." He made nothing of himself in order to torment Jake.

"You're plenty. You're Gottlieb's son."

"A man shouldn't have to boost himself."

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Advice poured in from every quarter, Jake observed. Employers advised him to drop dead. Cops advised him to go back to Russia. Now even beardless kids got into the act. "Everybody in the world has an idea how Jake Gottlieb should behave. I'd love to pay attention but my hearing ain't so hot. It's my tough luck to have a bad character that I grew up with. Now I'm stuck with it. You don't divorce your character like it's your wife."

He said to me afterward, "Your brother got no respect."

"He worries for you, Pa."

"My worst enemy don't show such contempt."

"He boasts about you. He feels terrible after an argument."

"I leave you no fortune. I got nothing in the bank. I invest everything in a reputation. All I leave you is the honor of being Gottlieb's son."

What more could he give? It was true about his character. He had been fashioned in fires so intense that all of the easily-worked material had been consumed and only what was fiercely tempered and unworkable remained in his construction. He was reconciled to himself. That was the source of his enthusiasm and his energy. He wanted to be no one but Jake Gottlieb. He thought Jake Gottlieb as splendid a character as there was on the scene, adequate to any war, ready to assume the station he deserved but which was denied him by men and history. He wanted Ernie to acknowledge, despite the smallness of his achievement, his true size. I saw my Pa Jake as monumental. You could get your bearings by sighting him. He commanded us to remember him. Ernie wanted to hold out, but he took the oath. I'll never let Ernie forget. We swore, more than once.

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The Problem of the Golden Rule

Edward Hoagland

LIKE A good many New Yorkers, I've often wondered whether I was going to be mugged. I've lived in a number of neighborhoods and, being a night walker, have many times changed my course or speeded my stride, eyeing a formidable-looking figure as he approached. But it's never happened, and so I imagine that if it finally does there may actually be a kind of relief, even a species of exhilaration, as I pick myself up (assuming I am all right), because a danger anticipated for a long time may come to seem worse than the reality. People who come home and encounter a robber in their apartment, who then excuses himself and flees, are likely to be less shaken up than the householder who simply steps into a shambles of ransacked bureaus and upended beds—they've seen the fellow; they know he's human. A friend of mine wrestled a burglar for several minutes around the floor of his living room, both of them using the trips and hip throws that they remembered from their teens, until by the time my friend won and phoned the police they were old acquaintances.

I know, too, that to describe the few incidents of violence I've met with in the past makes them sound more grisly than they were in fact. In the army, my platoon was put in the charge of a peculiar sergeant who, mostly for reasons of his own, had us do squat jumps one noontime until we could no longer walk or stand up. Then he strolled among us kicking us to make sure that we weren't faking. It was a hot drill field, and the packs and stacked rifles and other props of the average atrocity movie were included, and yet the experience was nowhere nearly as bad as somebody would anticipate if he were told at breakfast what to expect from that day. We just followed orders until we couldn't get up and then we lay where we were on the ground until the sergeant was satisfied that we had done what was humanly possible. Even in a true atrocity situation that's all that is ever done—what is humanly possible. Afterward one becomes unresponsive and fatalistic; terror is no longer a factor.

Next day the sergeant wanted to have it both ways, so he set us into formation and told us what he was going to make us do, and thereupon went off to the latrine to give us a chance to stand at attention and think and stew. Another sergeant promptly walked up and dismissed us, however. We hobbled away in every direction as fast as possible, while the two sergeants met to discuss the issue in the barracks door. They met person-to-person, and we had been punished person-to-person, and the facelessness of the mugger whom one anticipates meeting on Little West 12th Street was never a part of it. This, like our doing whatever was humanly possible, made the experience supportable.

I visualize the Armageddon not as a steel-muzzled affair of push-button silos under the earth, but as a rusty freighter flying the Liberian flag, perhaps, which sails inconspicuously up the Hudson past my apartment and goes off. Beyond that I don't see any details, although, as a non sequitur, I expect the tunnels and bridges would fill up with hikers leaving the city before it was too late. A woman I know says she sees the Armageddon as getting under the bed. What we do with the insupportable is to turn it into terms we can file and forget. Unfortunately we are able to deal almost as handily with the nuclear bombs that have already gone off as we are with the ones that haven't. If as individual fighting men we had razed Hiroshima, then the horror of its destruction would persist as a legend to our great-grandchildren because it would have been witnessed and done on the spot: also because of the somber old notion that residing in every man is a spark of divinity, whether the man is an enemy or a friend. This putative spark is central to most religious belief; and right at the root of Western ethics is what is called under one of its names the golden rule. But, spark or no spark, since in practice we cannot react to others with unabashed fellow-feeling, we usually reduce the golden rule to a sort of silver rule, doing to them just about what we think they would do to us if they had the opportunity. And this works—has been working—though the new impersonalized technology is challenging its workability, along with another behemoth among changes, which is that there are getting to be too many people. Where there are too many people,

EDWARD HOAGLAND's most recent book, *Notes from the Century Before* (Random House), is a journal of a trip to northern British Columbia.

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we get tired of following even the silver rule, tired of paying that much attention. For the agnostic as well, basing his reverence for life on its variety and on a Jeffersonian fascination with the glimmerings of talent in every man, the glut is discouraging. Although we don't ridicule these old ideas, the sentiments people have for one another in a traffic jam are becoming the overall sentiments of more and more of us. A groan goes up in any suburb when it's announced that a new complex of housing for two thousand souls is going to be built on Lone Tree Hill. And the vast sigh of impatience which greeted Pope Paul's traditionalist statement of faith in the sanctity of the seed germs of life points to the tone to come. *Life for the living,* people will say: body counts in war and baby counts in peace. We grant each union man his $10,500 a year; then the hell with him. He, for his part, doesn't care if our garbage cans fester with rats when the union goes after $10,800.

NEVER HAVE people dealt so briskly with strangers as now. Many of us have ceased to see strangers at all; our eyes simply don't register them except as verticals on the sidewalk, and when we must parley with them we find out quickly what they are asking from us, do it maybe, and that's that. I remember when I was a child how my astonishment evolved as I realized that people often would not do the smallest thing to convenience another person or make him feel easier for the moment. Of course I'd known that *kids* wouldn't, but I had thought that was connected with the fact they were kids. It was my first comprehension of the deadness of life. Everyone has discovered at some particular point life's deadness, but the galloping sense of deadness which alarms so many people lately, and especially the young, goes way beyond such individual discoveries to dimensions and contexts that have brought revolution to the U.S. Even in the arts the ancient austerities have been deemed insufficient, and we have actors who jump into the audience and do their acting there. When acting seems to fail, they improvise, and finally improvisation isn't enough either, and instead of having an actor play the drug addict, the logical conclusion is that the addict himself must appear onstage and play himself—like the toothpaste tube blown up and hanging on the museum wall: "Look, if nothing else, I'm real." This is the era when students are so busy trying to teach their teachers that they are hard to teach, and when the chip on the shoulder of the man-in-the-street is his "personality"—personality is quarrelsomeness. The revolution, in any case, is overdue, but maybe our best hope is that we remain at least idiosyncratic creatures, absorbed close to home. Dog owners when they walk their dogs show nearly as exact an interest in their pets' defecations as they would in their own. The same communing silence steals over their faces, the look of musing solemnity, that usually only the bathroom mirror gets a glimpse of.

The worst public tragedy I've witnessed was in Boston, when from a distance I saw a brick wall fall on a company of firemen. Some, with a great shout, got away, but even the leap that they made while the rest crumpled is blurred as a memory compared with the images of two old men whom I knew very slightly at the same time. Mr. Kate wrote cookbooks in the winter and hired out as a cook on a private yacht during the warm months. His other love, besides cooking, was opera, and he lived in a room shaped like a shoebox that cost him eight dollars a week. He served himself candlelit meals on a folding table and concocted all of his recipes on a hotplate set in the sink. By contrast, Mr. Hurth, although a somewhat less cultivated man, was an alumnus of Brown and lived in a large ground-floor room in the rooming house. He had ruined himself in a scandal in St. Louis, where he had been a businessman, but that was all I learned about that. What he'd done next was to come to Boston and throw himself on the old-fashioned, private or "Christian" charity, as it used to be called, of a roommate from college, though thirty years had passed. He was a pleasant, subdued man ordinarily, swinging from sweet to vaguely hangdog, but he was a drinker, and so this benefactor no longer asked him to Newton Centre for Thanksgiving because he was likely to break the furniture: when he did, he'd leave his glasses behind by mistake so that he'd have to go back out again for a whole second festival of apologies. Anyhow, through charitable intercession, Mr. Hurth was on the payroll of the John Hancock Insurance Company, being listed on the books as a claims investigator, though actually (charity compounding charity) his single duty was to work for Red Feather once a year on a loan basis. The campaign was a brief one, but he was a bitter, floundering functionary, faced with his fate if his drinking should snap off his last sticks of presence and respectability.

As I say, next to the memory of two nodding acquaintances the death of some distant firemen is small potatoes. I was reminded of that catastrophe the other night for the first time in years while watching a fire on Third Avenue. Here in the bigger city one is witness to such a cataract of appalling happenings that they pass remembering. I saw a man who had just been burned out of his apartment turned away from a hotel in the neighborhood because he had a little blacking on him, although the shock and fear stood in his eyes. "Sure, there was a fire there, all right," the manager told me with a laugh. "I never take them in, those victims. They're dirty and they're scared to death. They're not worth the nuisance."

He was a modern, casual villain, however, impartial, just the kind who is not memorable. I came upon a much less gratuitous drama after-

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ward. A child of two or three had been stuck inside one of those new all-glass phone booths with a spring door which cannot be opened except by a grown person because of where the handle is placed. The world was passing—this was on the open street—but he was feeling his way around the glass in gathering panic, trying to find an escape route, reaching up and down. Every few seconds he let out a thin, fluting scream so pure in pitch that it was hardly human; it was prehuman. You could see him thinking, learning, recording discoveries. He reached for the phone, but that was too high, and thumped each pane of glass, searching for the door, and pounded on the metal frame, and screamed to see if screaming wouldn't work. He was bottled into his terror, and you could see him growing older by leaps and bounds. I'm just this month a new father, so I was as transfixed as if he were my child. His governess or babysitter, babywalker, or whatever she was, a short shadowy woman such as you might see manning a subway change booth, was standing right next to the glass, apparently feasting her eyes. Whether it was supposed to be a "punishment" or merely a pleasure fest, he was too frightened by now to notice her.

MAYBE our cruelty will save us. At least the cruel do pay attention, and she would probably have let him out before the crowd got round to hearing him. She had moved to the door, looking down at him intently as he pushed on the glass. I was seething, partly because I found that some of the woman's sexual excitement had communicated to me, which was intolerable, and partly because my cowardice in not interfering was equally outrageous. We've all become reluctant to stop and stick our noses in—a man is run over by a Breakstone cream cheese truck and we pass quickly by. But cowardice was what it was in this particular event, since even under happy circumstances I stutter and it requires an enormous gearing-up of nerve for me to step into a public fracas on the street. I strangle; I can't speak at all and must either use my hands on the stranger or gag and quaver, unable to put two words together. The seams of human nature frighten me in this regard, and the whole confrontation ethic of the 60's, much as I have entered into it on occasion, gives me nightmare visions because I have no conventional means of battling. I see myself as, first, unable to protest in words to the person whose behavior has angered me and therefore using my hands on him; then, just as unable to explain myself to the crowd that gathers, but only shuddering and stuttering; and then in court, again enforcedly silent, dependent on the empathy or telepathic capacities of the people who are there to convey my side of the controversy.

Weaving like a nauseous moose, I was working my way toward her, when the woman, with a glance at me, pushed the door of the booth open, reached inside, and pulled the boy to her and walked away. In effect I was let off, because only an exceptional well-doer would have tracked the woman down from that point on and questioned her about her psyche. However, there are times one isn't let off, when one's very humanity hangs at issue and my specific problems with my stutter are perhaps an epitome of what each of us meets.

Once in northern New England when I was snowshoeing, a hunter started shooting at me, really only to scare me, pinging with his .22 in my immediate vicinity. I was on an open hillside which I'd already realized was too slippery to climb, but as long as I kept scrabbling there in silence on the ice, like an animal in trouble, he was going to keep on pinging. Because a stutterer's every impulse is to stutter softly, unobtrusively, it's twice as hard to shout one's way through a stutter as to wedge through in quiet tones; but from the sheer imperatives of survival I shouted, "I CAN SEE YOU!" I shouted it again and several times again, although of course I couldn't see him; he was in the woods. I was insisting and reiterating that I was a human being: if I could get that message across to him he would stop shooting at me. It was even worse than my conception of a courtroom trial because this was one of those rare emergencies when we can't trust to all our faculties to operate together for us—the movements of our hands, our youth or age, our manner and expression—some compensating for the inadequacies of the others. I had to go to bat with my speaking abilities and nothing else. So I shouted to him that I could see him, by which I meant I was a man, and he stopped shooting.

More recently, I was on a tiny Danish island off the coast of Sweden, wandering around some 17th-century fortifications and the walled town, now a huddled fishing village. I had sat on the sea wall to watch the cloud action but was distracted by the spectacle below me of a boy mistreating a wild duck. Oddly enough, many times an incident where a person, not an animal, is being mauled and manhandled, is easier to shrug off. The fact that he's a person complicates it. You as an onlooker can see, for example, that he has gotten himself drunk and let his guard down, lost his dignity, talked out of turn. But the duck, with its wings clipped, presumably, was only trying to run away. The boy would catch it, pummel it, and grip it tightly, trundling it about. Finally I got off my bench and went and told him falteringly to cut that out. Danes speak English, but he was twelve or so and he may not have understood me. Like a mirror of myself, he stared at me without trying to say a word. Then he squeezed the duck again hard in both hands. My bugaboo about trying to explain myself to strangers rose big in me, alongside my indignation. Instead of looking for a local fellow to translate to him and take over, I lifted the duck from his arms, and

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with the sense of right and doom that I have dreaded in foreseeing a confrontation on the street, carried it down the stairs of the sea wall and released it on the beach. The boy ran for help; the duck paddled into the waves; and I climbed to the promenade and started walking as deliberately as I could toward the small boat which had brought me to the island.

Uncannily soon, before I'd gone a dozen yards, practically the whole male populace was on the scene. "Hey! Turn around!" they yelled. I took another couple of steps away and then I did. They told me very plainly in English that they were going to throw me over the sea wall. They said the duck had been rescued by the boys of the island—their sons—after it had swum through an oil slick and almost drowned. Now, because of what I'd done, it really was about to drown, and when it went under, they would toss me over. This was not spoken in joking tones, and I could see the duck get heavier in the water; its feathers, though as tidy to the eye as a healthy duck's feathers, had no buoyancy. Meanwhile, I'd fallen into something like what a prizefighter would call a clinch by refusing to acknowledge by any sign that I understood what was being said to me. It is a psychological necessity that when you punish somebody he understand the reasons why. Even if he doesn't accept the guilty finding, you must explain to him why you are punishing him or you can't do it. So, while they could scarcely contain their frustration, my face betrayed bewilderment, I kept groping to understand. I was doing this instinctively, of course, and as their first impetus to violence passed, I found myself acting out with vehemence how I had seen the boy treating the duck. The men, who wanted at the least to take a poke at me, watched doubtfully, but there was a Coast Guardsman, an off-islander, who seemed to be arguing in Danish on my behalf. Another man went down to where the duck was swimming and reached out. The duck, perceiving itself to be sinking, had moved cautiously closer to shore. And when the duck was saved I was saved; I only had the island's boys waiting for me in the embrasures of the wall. Yet this rather comic misadventure, when every dread came real—I couldn't say a single word to save my life—was just as numbing as those ninety-five squat jumps at Fort Dix were—but only later was it terrifying. And in a way it makes up for the memories I have of watching flocks of bats murdered with brooms and frogs tormented, as a teenager—moments when I didn't interfere but giggled ruefully to keep my popularity and stifle my outcries.

Sociology progresses; the infant mortality rate among Negroes goes down. Nevertheless we know that if the announcement were made that there was going to be a public hanging in Central Park, Sheep Meadow would be crowded with spectators, like Tyburn Mall. At night sometimes my standing lamp shapes itself into an observant phantom figure which takes a position next to my bed. It doesn't threaten me directly, and I stretch out to clutch its throat with careful anger. My final grab bumps the lamp over. This electric phantom is a holdover from my vivid night demons when I was eight or ten. I never saw them outright, thank the lord, but for years I fell asleep facing the wall to avoid beholding my destruction. I'd "whisper," as I called it, when I went to bed, telling myself an installment of a round-robin story, and when the installment was over I'd wait for the demons, until I fell asleep. Later, just as invariably, I faced the outer room so I could see them come and have warning to fight. Such archaisms in our minds are not an unmixed evil because they link us to humanity and to our history as human beings. A girl I know says every man she's been familiar with would smell his socks at night before he went to bed: just a whiff —each sock, not only one. I do this too, although the smell has been of no intrinsic interest to me for twenty years. The smell of each sock checks precisely with the other one and smells as vital as pigs do. Maybe it reassures us that we're among the living still. We need to know. In the 50's I also liked the smell of air pollution. I didn't think of it as air pollution then—nobody did—but as the smell of industry and the highways I hitchhiked on, the big-shouldered America I loved.

George Orwell said in 1943 that the problem of the time was the decay in the belief in personal immortality. Several French novelists had turned Existentialist and several English novelists Catholic (possibly the same reaction), while he himself, like many of the more likable writers, had adopted a hardy humanist's masculine skepticism. Twenty-odd years later, the problem appears only to have grown more piercing, although it's not put into the same terms. You can't have as many people walking around as there are now and still simply see them as chips off the divine lodestone. Nor is the future *1984:* that's too succinct. At first the new nuclear bullying, the new technocracy, made mere survival more the point, because we wanted to be sure of surviving here on earth before we worried about heaven. Lately, the talk instead has been about overpopulation, and city people have started venturing to the outback, buying acreage with all the premonitory fervor of Noah sawing logs. Everyone wants space to breathe; the character of city life has drastically deteriorated; and there's no questioning the statistics, just as there used to be no questioning the odds that eventually a nuclear war was going to penetrate our precautions through that old fontanel of existence, human mix-up.

When we say that enough is enough, that we have enough people on hand now for any good

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purpose, we mean that the divine spark has become something of a conflagration, besides an embarrassment of riches. We're trying to make a start at sorting the riches, buying Edwardian clothes but buying Volkswagens, and settling down to the process of zoning the little land there is. As we begin also to cogitate on how the quality of life can be improved, we may be in for a religious revival too. It's a natural beginning, and faddism will probably swing that way in any case, and after all, we *are* extraordinary—we're so extraordinary we're everywhere. Next to the new mysticisms, old-fashioned, run-of-the-mill religion is not so hard to swallow. The difficulty will be how we regard individual people, a question which involves not only whether we think we're immortal but whether we think they are. The crowded impatience of suburb-city living doesn't often evoke intimations of other people's immortality, and neither do the hodge-podge leveling procedures of a modern democracy. So much of the vigor of the Victorian church, for instance, grew out of the contrast between its members and the raw, destitute brown masses who covered the rest of the globe. Among an elite, self-congratulatory minority even the greatest of attributes—immortality—seemed plausible.

But maybe I'm being overly sour. We have wiped tigers off the earth and yet our children hear as much about the symbolism of tigers as children did in the old days. And next to the subway station I use there is a newsdealer who was blinded in Orwell's war, the Spanish War, in the mountains behind Motril. He carries about him the aura of a revolutionary volunteer. He dresses bulkily, as if for weather at the Front, and rigs a canvas overhang around his hut as neatly as a soldier's tent. Not one of your meek blind men, he's on his feet most of the day, especially in tough weather, pacing, marching, standing tall. He's gray and grim, hard and spare, and doubtless lives surrounded by the companions he had in the Sierra Nevadas. However, he's too bluff and energetic to be a museum piece. If you help him cross the street you get the rough edge of his tongue. He searches for the lamppost with his cane like a tennis player swinging backhand, and if he loses his bearings and bumps against something, he jerks abruptly back like an officer insulted, looking gaunt and fierce. I pity him, yes, but I take note of him; he counts himself among the living. I buy a paper and go home to my newborn baby, who is as intense and focused (to my eye) as a flight of angels dancing on a pinhead.

I DON'T BELIEVE in a god you can pray to, but I do find I believe in God—I do more than I don't. I believe in glee and in the exuberance I feel with animals and friends, and in other emotions besides that. Anyway, as we know, it really isn't necessary to see sparks of a grand divinity in someone else to feel with the old immediacy that he is kin; we can evolve a more sophisticated golden rule than that. We will be trying to refine and revivify the qualities of life, and the chief stumbling block is that we must somehow reduce the density of other human beings in our own comings and goings without doing it as we do now, which is by simply not seeing them, by registering them as verticals to dodge on the street. Without degenerating into callousness, we must develop our ability to switch on and off—something analogous to what we do already with body temperature in a harsh world. Generally we'd button up if we were out walking, but when the Breakstone cream-cheese truck ran over an old man, this would be a time when we threw off our coats and when our ancient instinct for cherishing a stranger would spring to being.

I live in a high-rise apartment and keep a pair of field glasses next to the window to use whenever somebody emerges on one of the rooftops nearby. They are ten or fifteen regulars—old people hanging wash, high school kids who have come up into the open to talk where they can be alone. All of them are neighbors to me now, though on the street I probably would have turned away from them—even the bathing beauties would not be beauties there. Admittedly I am a bit of a voyeur, as who isn't, but the population density on the rooftops seems about right. In fact, I roused myself not long ago to drive some robbers off a roof across the street by gesticulating sternly. They waved back as they went down the stairs like people who've escaped a fall.

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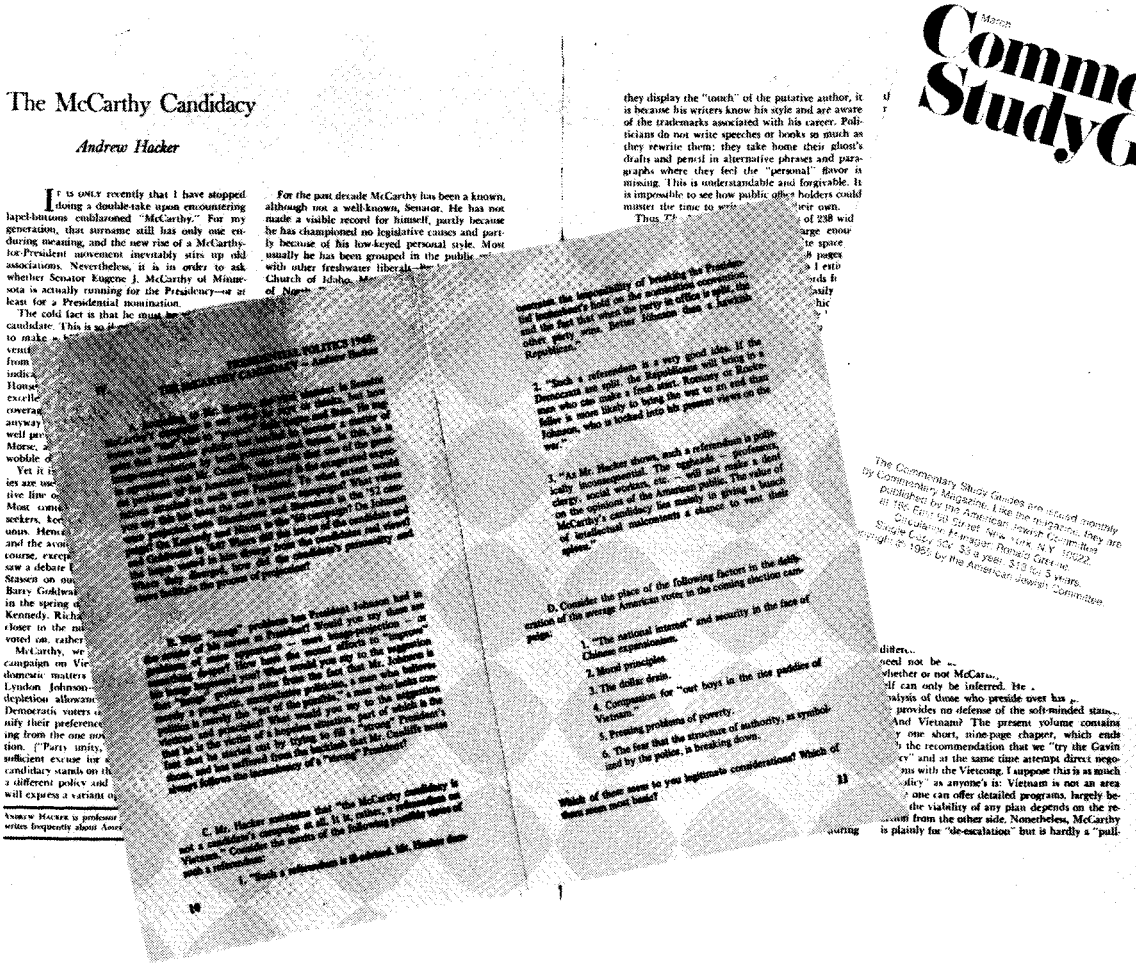

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Soviet Jewry Today

Maurice Friedberg

In an article published in this magazine only four and a half years ago,* I had occasion to contrast the many disabilities suffered by the Jews of the Soviet Union with Communist Poland's relatively enlightened treatment of her tiny Jewish community. There is no need to relate in detail the drastic changes for the worse that have since occurred in Poland—changes which are bringing about the demise through virtual expulsion of a community that has existed for almost a thousand years. As to Soviet Jewry, its position has shown no improvement over the same period. Soviet Russia's Jews number some three million, a concentration second only in size to the Jewish community of the United States. Like Poland's, Russia's Jews are subjected to various kinds of discrimination, but unlike Poland's, they are not permitted to leave.

Forced to remain in Russia—there is every indication that many would leave if allowed to do so—Soviet Jews must continue to live as easily identifiable members of an ethnic minority that has for a variety of reasons long been treated, in practice if not in theory, as alien and suspect. Many, no doubt, would wish to assimilate—but they cannot: the internal passport that every urban Soviet citizen must produce on countless occasions clearly identifies them as Jews, and this entry cannot be legally changed any more than the date of one's birth. Besides, few are likely to forget the innumerable ways which have been used in the USSR in recent years to "unmask" one's Jewish origin—public disclosure of the victim's or his relative's Jewish-sounding names, or of his "Jewish" appearance, accent, etc.

Unable to cease being considered Jewish, Russia's Jews are nevertheless prevented from living as Jews, in either the secular or the religious sense. There are a half-dozen rabbis remaining—or one per half-million Jews—all of them aged, and soon there may be none, for none are being trained. In fact, the rabbis are outnumbered by professional propagandists for "atheism" who specialize in attacks on Judaism. In all of the Soviet Union there is not a single Jewish school, full-time or part-time, nor does any educational institution offer courses in the history and the literature of the Jews, or (with the exception of the linguistics department of one university) in Hebrew or Yiddish. Unless the ban on the training of rabbis and the teaching of Yiddish, Hebrew, and other related subjects is lifted in the very near future, the situation now prevailing may become irreversible. Within a few years there will be no teachers to train the next generation of educators and clergymen. For the first time in its long history, the People of the Book may become in Russia a community of Jewish illiterates.

An almost completely urban and highly-educated group, Soviet Jews are painfully aware that a number of careers are completely closed to them. There are no Jews today in the Soviet diplomatic service or in the upper echelons of the army and the Party bureaucracy, while only thirty years ago there were several Jewish generals, Jewish members of the Party's Politbureau, and a Jew at the head of the commissariat of foreign affairs. Nor is there any question that young Soviet Jews find it difficult to enter universities that in the 1920's and 1930's eagerly accepted their fathers. To be sure, not every Soviet Jew personally experiences the pain of discrimination; but then, in Czarist Russia, at the height of the pogroms, there were also some Jews who were exempt from the restrictions imposed on millions of their coreligionists. However, now, as then, none can escape the feeling of insecurity. (In this respect, it is instructive to read the late Ilya Ehrenburg's memoirs: as a high-school boy in pre-revolutionary Russia, he was insulted by some classmates. Many years later, a famous Soviet novelist and a thoroughly assimilated Jew, he narrowly escaped execution on charges of Jewish nationalism.)

The establishment in 1948 of the State of Israel introduced a new factor into the condition of Soviet Jewry, reinforcing the long-standing Russian mistrust of an ethnic group with extensive family connections in the West. Soviet authorities in general are firm believers in the perpetuation of ethnic ties and even in "double loyalties." In recent years, Soviet propaganda has devoted much effort to promoting "Zionist" sentiment among Armenians residing abroad, using the kind of language and arguments that readers of Jewish Zionist periodicals would find familiar. French, Egyptian, or American-born Armenians have been urged to "return" to their one true homeland, the only place where they can live in dignity and security and maintain their ancient language and culture. To put the matter simply, Armenian "Zionism" has been hailed because Armenia is located in the USSR, while the geographical position of Jewish Zionism makes it treasonable.

Not unexpectedly, attacks on "Zionism" have become more frequent and embittered in the period since the Six-Day War. Thus, for example, on August 5, 1968, the *Novosti* press agency charged that Zionist organizations in sixty countries were engaging in nefarious activities, ranging from religious missionary efforts to down-

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* "The State of Soviet Jewry," January 1965.

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right espionage. The list of "Zionist" organizations included two philanthropic agencies, HIAS and the American Joint Distribution Committee. The obvious implication was that "Zionist" agents were to be found among Soviet Jews, too, especially in view of the fact that their counterparts were just then being "unmasked" in large numbers in neighboring Poland. The mere mention of the Joint was sufficient to recall the Stalinist past; it was only fifteen years ago that the Joint was charged with having organized in Moscow a "doctors' plot," the purported aim of which was to murder prominent Soviet leaders by means of medical sabotage.

Abundant use of anti-Semitic stereotypes is a most striking feature of the continuing avalanche of anti-Israeli articles and cartoons in Soviet newspapers and magazines. With the sole exception of the United States, no foreign country, friendly or hostile—not even China—has in recent months received so much "coverage" in the Soviet mass media as Israel. Anthropologically, the Israeli in the typical Soviet cartoon resembles the hooked-nose midget that was the Nazi image of the Jew, and the anti-Israeli newspaper and magazine articles are richly spiced with Yiddishisms and Jewish-sounding names and nicknames. The parallels with Nazi propaganda do not end here. Thus, the Nazis once perpetrated the myth that Franklin Roosevelt was really a Jew; Soviet propaganda never tires of affixing a "Zionist" label to the Rockefellers. Also, thirty years ago Berlin newspapers ranted about the danger to the Third Reich from an international Jewish conspiracy of bankers and Bolsheviks; here, too, the similarity to Soviet warnings about the means of "Zionism" is obvious.

Even more ominous is the tendency to link Israel's "Nazi-like aggression" with Judaism as a religion. It is in the teachings of Judaism, in the Bible, and in the Talmud, the argument goes, that the Israeli "militarists" find inspiration for their "inhuman" deeds, "racist" theories, and "expansionist" designs. It is worth noting that Trofim Kichko, the author of the viciously anti-Semitic tract, *Judaism Without Embellishment,* which only a few years ago created so much indignation around the world that the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist party was forced to disavow it, was recently not only allowed to reappear in print, but was even awarded a decoration for his services to the cause of "atheist propaganda."

THE RESPONSE of Soviet Jews to the government-sponsored campaign of anti-Semitic vilification and intimidation is much the same as that of their grandparents at the turn of the century—except, of course, for the fact that unlike their grandparents, today's Jews are not allowed to leave. The great majority of Soviet Jewry remains passive and lives in a state of nervous apprehension. But there are also those, especially among the younger generation, whose alienation and resentment find expression in action. Like their grandfathers, they are drawn to quasi-revolutionary activity, or to defiant affirmation of a half-forgotten ethnic identity, or to both. Jews have figured very prominently among the recently-sentenced Soviet intellectuals and among the signers of the various open letters and petitions that have accompanied their trials. Most recently, a Jewish engineer by the name of Boris Kochubiyevsky, who last year petitioned Soviet authorities for permission to emigrate to Israel, was sentenced to three years in a prison camp; his fate was protested in a letter signed by fifty-five Soviet intellectuals and others, among them several Jews. At the same time, tens of thousands of young Soviet Jews gather annually around the Moscow synagogue on Simchat Torah to sing Jewish songs (often without words), to dance the *hora,* or even to exchange a sentence or two in Hebrew. The rare performances of Yiddish variety shows are often attended by young Jews who know no Yiddish, and there is ample evidence that the Yiddish and Russian broadcasts of the Voice of Israel find a large and responsive audience. Visitors from abroad are nearly unanimous in reporting great interest among Soviet Jews of all ages in learning all they can about Israel and about Jewish life in America.

IN A volume recently published in this country,* one may find some twenty studies and speeches dealing with various aspects of Jewish life in the USSR, as well as several eyewitness accounts by visitors to that country. Nearly all of the material has previously been published in various journals or as separate pamphlets, much of it in the last few years. There is the moving story of a visit to the Moscow synagogue by the novelist Elie Wiesel, and by four other Westerners. Abraham Brumberg contributes two entries, an excellent survey of Soviet reactions to the Six-Day War, and (with his late father, Joseph Brumberg) a valuable study of *Sovietish Heimland,* the Soviet Union's lone Yiddish journal. William Korey is the author of a first-rate monograph dealing with the legal position of Russia's Jews, and of a brief account of the Nazi massacre of Kiev's Jews at Babi Yar and its later reverberations in the USSR. There are three articles by Moshe Decter; one of these, originally published in *Foreign Affairs* in 1963, is still the best single analysis of the status of Jews in the USSR.

Brumberg, Korey, and Decter are all well-known specialists in Soviet affairs and their contributions reflect a firm grasp of Soviet history, Communist doctrine, and Leninist tactics. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the other contributions, including Ronald I. Rubin's introduction, which contains several unfounded generalizations and hypotheses (can one really attribute Stalin's anti-Semitism at the end of the war to his fear of "encounters between many Jewish troops and Jews of other Allied nations?"). These chapters suffer from their authors' inability to view the subject of Soviet Jews within a general Soviet framework. On the other hand,

**The Unredeemed: Anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union,* edited with an introduction by Ronald I. Rubin. Quadrangle Books, 317 pp., $10.00.

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Mr. Rubin's monograph on debates at the United Nations on the problem of Soviet Jewry contains much valuable data. Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel's rhetorical foreword is mercifully brief.

CONSIDERING the magnitude and importance of the subject, very little has been written about Soviet Russia's Jews since World War II. Much of the writing to date is superficial and often misleading. A complete bibliography on the subject would look embarrassingly meager. Mr. Rubin's book demonstrates that, given painstaking research, it is possible to construct a reliable picture of many aspects of Soviet Jewish life. It also serves as a reminder of how much work is yet to be done.

Nabokov's Ardor

Robert Alter

VLADIMIR NABOKOV possesses what is probably the most finely cultivated sense of form of any living writer, and so there is a satisfying justness in the fact that not only his individual works but also the sequence of his books should evince a formal harmony. In his 1956 afterword to *Lolita*, Nabokov warned that any assessment of his writing was bound to be out of focus without an awareness of his Russian work; since then, the translation or reissue in English of seven of his nine Russian novels has in fact demonstrated that *Lolita*, far from being a brilliant sport, was merely the most radiant and engaging in a line of books that for three decades had explored the paradoxical intertwinings of imagination and reality, the artist and his world, through athletically allusive, involuted, and parodistic fictional forms. These same concerns were then given even more original and intricate formal expression in *Pale Fire*, while a new central emphasis in *Lolita* on the quest for a paradisiac past (Humbert Humbert's golden "princedom by the sea") appeared in oblique refraction through Kinbote's longing for his lost kingdom. Now, in his seventieth year, at an age when most novelists one can think of are already gone sadly to seed, Nabokov has produced a major work that in a purely formal sense culminates most of what he has attempted in over forty years of active writing. *Ada** is the fullest realization of the program for the novel articulated in 1941 in Nabokov's first English book, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight;* as Sebastian Knight aspired to do, the author of *Ada* "use[s] parody as a kind of springboard for leaping into the highest region of serious emotion," and thus succeeds in illuminating in new depth and breadth the relation between art, reality, and the evanescent ever-never presence of time past.

BECAUSE PARODY is intrinsic to Nabokov's method, and because he more often parodies plot, situation, and motif than style and narrative technique, a plot-summary of any of his novels is bound to be thoroughly misleading. (To mislead the unsuspecting, of course, is precisely what Nabokov intends: thus, the four concluding paragraphs of *Ada* are a pitchman's synopsis of the book, the prose of the novel followed by what the narrator, tongue in cheek, calls "the poetry of its blurb.") *Ada*, which is surely one of the sunniest works of fiction written in this century, sounds, to judge by the initial outlines of its plot, like a dark drama of fatal, incestuous passion. Van Veen, the retrospective nonagenarian narrator, has an ecstatic affair at the age of fourteen with twelve-year-old Ada, ostensibly his cousin, later discovered to be his sister. The two are irresistibly drawn to each other by their inner nature but are separated by social taboo and the course of outward events. In the two decades from early adolescence to mature adulthood, the lovers enjoy four fleeting periods of illicit ardor together, but each time the subsequent separation is longer, and while Van seeks the simulacrum of his Ada in a thousand whores and mistresses, both he and she are physically thickened and coarsened by the passing years, until at last they come together in late middle age, all passion not spent but certainly muted. In the background, moreover, of their partings and joinings, as the third, unequal angle of a thoroughly incestuous triangle, is the pathetic figure of Lucette, their mutual half-sister, who loves Van relentlessly body and soul, loves Ada, periodically, in a more strictly bodily sense, and finally destroys herself when she is rejected by Van.

All this may sound like rather lurid stuff, especially when one adds that there is a much higher degree of descriptive specification about sexual matters here than anywhere else in Nabokov's fiction. The actual tenor of the novel, of course, is precisely the opposite of what this summary suggests. On a stylistic level, the seeming paradox is easy enough to explain: Nabokov's intricately wrought, elaborately figurative style, with its painterly effects and its perspectivist mirror-games, transmutes objects of description, even the most pungently physical objects, into magical *objets d'art*. When, for example, the narrator, in a spectacular set-piece, describes all three siblings in bed together (surely a parody of the *ménage à trois* grapplings that are stock scenes of pornographic literature), he invites us to view the action as though it were reflected in the ceiling mirror of a fancy brothel, and then proceeds to convert the rampant eroticism into a formal contrasting and blending of colors and movements. Physical details are not spared—"the detail is all," Van Veen had affirmed earlier about the reality of all experience and memory—but, to cite a strategic instance, the exposed sexual fluff of redheaded Lucette and black-haired Ada becomes here a new-fledged firebird and an enchanting blue raven, varicolored

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* *Ada or Ardor: A Family Chronicle.* McGraw-Hill, 589 pp., $8.95.

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birds of paradise in a poet's Wonderland.

WHEN WE move from effects of style to the larger narrative patterns of the novel, it is difficult to make full sense of the incestuous complications without attention to the ubiquitous use of literary allusion. In order to talk about the allusions, something first must be said about the setting. The principal action of *Ada* takes place in the late 19th and early 20th centuries of a world alternately referred to as Antiterra and Daemonia, which has the same geography as our world but a teasingly different though parallel history. The area we call Russia having been conquered some centuries earlier by the Tartars, America has been settled by Russian as well as English and French colonists, and so Nabokov's own three native languages and literary traditions are able to flourish side by side, as complementary parts of a single national culture. From a terrestrial viewpoint (Terra the Fair, by the way, is a supposedly celestial place believed in mainly by the deranged on Antiterra), historical periods as well as cultural boundaries have been hybridized —the Daemonian 19th century combines the quiet country houses of Chekhov and Jane Austen with telephones, airplanes, skyscrapers; a mock-Maupassant figure is contemporaneous with the author of a *Lolita*-like novel masquerading (anagrammatically) as J. L. Borges. This device of a fictional antiworld gives Nabokov a free hand to combine and permute the materials of culture and history in piquant and suggestive ways, though perhaps it also sometimes tempts him into self-indulgence, so that one begins to feel he is playing his games of anagrams, trilingual puns, coded hints, and conflated allusions for their own sake, not because they have any imaginative necessity in a larger design. (It must be admitted, though, that many of the incidental games, especially those involving literary figures, are so delightful in themselves that one would hesitate to give them up. My own favorite is the treatment of T. S. Eliot, who appears as a truncated version of his own ape-necked Sweeney, "solemn Kithar Sween, a banker who at sixty-five had become an *avant-garde* author; . . . had produced *The Waistline*, a satire in free verse on Anglo-American feeding habits"; and who is seen, in most poetic justice for a versifier of anti-Semitic innuendoes, in the company of "old Eliot," a Jewish real-estate man.)

The most important advantage, in any case, that Nabokov gains through the freedom he allows himself to shuttle across temporal and cultural boundaries is that he is able to compress into the life-space of his protagonist a parodistic review of the development of the novel. The story begins in the classic age of the novel, and, really, everything that happens occurs in purely novelistic time and novelistic space. Ardis Manor, where young Van Veen will meet Ada, is glimpsed for the first time, characteristically, in the following fashion: "At the next turning, the romantic mansion appeared on the gentle eminence of old novels." The narrative is frequently punctuated with such notations to remind us that everything is taking place against a background of jaded literary conventions, as the view shifts quickly, and not necessarily chronologically, from Romantic *récit* to Jane Austen, Turgenev, Dickens, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, the pornographic novel, the Gothic novel, Joyce, Proust, and Nabokov beyond them. The "plot," in fact, is from one point of view comprised of a string of stock scenes from the traditional novel—the young man's return to the ancestral manor, the festive picnic, the formal dinner, a midnight blaze on the old estate, the distraught hero's flight at dawn from hearth and home as the result of a misunderstanding, the duel, the hero's profligacy in the great metropolis, and so forth.

Though the technique of allusion is common to all of Nabokov's novels, there is a special thematic justification for this recapitulation in parody of the history of a genre, for what Van Veen's story represents is a reversal of the major thematic movement of the novel as a genre. The novel characteristically has concerned itself with lost illusions—the phrase, of course, was used as a title by Balzac—from the quixotic knight who finally abandons his pursuit of a Golden Age, a broken man renouncing his chivalric vision and dying; to Flaubert's Emma, spitting out her daydreams of a blue Beyond in the last hideous retches of an arsenic suicide; to Anna Karenina—the first sentence of her story is quoted, in reverse, in the first sentence of *Ada*—ending her tortured love under the wheels of a locomotive. What "happy endings" one finds in the classic novel are generally a matter of mere acquiescence to convention (Dickens) or sober accommodation of the protagonists to society (Jane Austen, George Eliot). *Ada*, in direct contrast, is an attempt to return to paradise, to establish, in fact, the luminous vision of youth and love's first fulfillment as the most intensely, perdurably *real* experience we know. It bears affinities to both Molly Bloom's great lyric recall of first flowering love at the end of *Ulysses* and to Proust's triumph over time through art in the last volume of his novel, but it is a more concerted frontal attack on Eden than either.

TWO KEY allusions are especially helpful in understanding what Nabokov is up to with his incestuous lovers. One is simple, a mere negative parallel to serve as a foil; the other is complex, being a kind of imaginative model for the whole book and ramifying into other, related allusions. Several passing references are made to Chateaubriand; Ada jokingly calls Van her "René"; and the first half of the novel's title, *Ada or Ardor*, looks suspiciously like a parody of that most Romantic title, *René ou les effets des passions*. René, like Van, is a singular man with an artist's soul who enjoys the rare delights of bucolic ambles with his dear sister until the incestuous nature of her attachment to him forces them to separate. So much for the parallels; all the rest is pointed contrast. *René* is a book suffused with Romantic *mal de siècle*, and René and Amélie, unlike the Veen siblings, are anything but "children of Venus"; the paradisiac fulfillment of premoral desire is

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quite unthinkable for René and his sister, so that the very existence of such desire drives Amélie into a convent and ultimately leads to martyrs' deaths for both of them. In *Ada*, one can see from the sunlit river Ladore near the Ardis estate a view of Bryant's Castle (Gallicized, *Château-Briand*), "remote and romantically black on its oak-timbered hill." The chief quality of Van Veen's world, by contrast, is brightness and intimate closeness, social and sexual, tactile and visual; and its oak trees, as we shall see, are part of a landscape very different from the dark romantic wood. René actively longs for death, even before the revelation of his sister's passion; he sees in it a hazy, alluring *ailleurs*, as though the concrete objects of this world could not conceivably satisfy the needs of his own swoon of infinite desire. Nabokov's hero and heroine, on the other hand, delight in the concrete particulars of this world, observe and recall them with tender meticulous care, and they both passionately love existence in this world, each being the other's ultimate point of anchorage in it, Van's male V or arrowhead (*ardis* in Greek) perfectly fitting into its inverted and crossed female mirror-image, the A of his sister-soul (ideogrammatists take note, Freudians beware).

The mirror play of Van's and Ada's initials—underscored at one point when Nabokov finds dramatic occasion to print the A upside-down—suggests that the two are perfect lovers because ultimately they are complementary halves of one self. Indeed, Van's book is really "written" by the two of them, one imagination called "Vaniada" expressing itself in two antiphonal voices. The birthmark on the back of Van's right hand reappears in exactly the corresponding spot on Ada's left hand, for both physically and psychically the lovers are really the two halves of that androgynous pristine human zestfully described by Aristophanes in Plato's *Symposium*. According to rabbinic legend, Adam in the Garden before the creation of Eve was androgynous, and it is clear that Nabokov, like the rabbis, has conjoined the Greek and the Hebrew myths, creating in his deliciously intertwined sister and brother an image of prelapsarian, unfragmented man.

A MAJOR CLUE to Nabokov's intention in this respect is the repeated allusion, especially in the Ardis section of the novel, to one of the most splendidly realized experiences of paradise in English poetry, Marvell's "The Garden." Adolescent Ada tries to translate the poem into French (in her version, an oak tree stands prominently at the beginning of the second line); after the lovers' first separation, the poem, most appropriately, serves as a code-key for the letters in cipher that they exchange. The second stanza of the poem, not quoted in the novel, begins as follows: "Fair quiet, have I found thee here,/And Innocence thy Sister dear!/Mistaken long, I sought you then/In busie Companies of Men." The lines are, of course, applicable point for point to the novel, a kind of adumbration of its plot, though both "sister" and "innocence" are given rather different meanings. Marvell's poem is a vision of bliss beyond the raging of physical passion; the solitary garden-dweller, however, does revel in the pleasures of the senses, luscious fruit dropping from the trees to delight his palate, while his mind withdraws into the happiness of self-contemplation where it—like the author of *Ada*?—"creates, transcending these,/ Far other Worlds, and other Seas." In *Ada*'s ardisiac setting, luscious fruit also comes falling from the branches, when the tree-climbing young Ada slips and ends up straddling an astonished Van from the front, thus offering him an unexpectedly intimate first kiss, since, as we are told several times, she wears no underpants. In a moment Ada will claim that this is the Tree of Knowledge, brought to the Ardis estate from Eden National Park, but her slip from its branches clearly enacts a Happy Fall, for in this garden, as in Marvell's, no fatal sin is really possible. Marvell's poem also gives us a comic image of a Fall with no evil consequences: "Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,/ Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass." The interlaced limbs of ardently tumbling Van and Ada are similarly assimilated to the premoral world of vegetation, likened to tendril climbers; and Van, rushing away from a last embrace of Ada at the moment of their first separation, is actually described "stumbling on melons," an allusion which would seem to promise that he will eventually return to his Ada-Ardis-Eden.

IT IS the concluding stanza, however, of Marvell's "Garden" that offers the most suggestive model for what Nabokov seeks to achieve in *Ada*. After the garden-dweller's soul, whetting and combing its silver wings among the branches, has experienced ecstasy, the poet glances backward at the first Adam's paradise and then returns us to the "real" world of time, but it is a time now transfigured by art, nature ordered by "the skilful Gardner" in a floral sundial to measure time. The industrious bee, then, no less than man, "computes its time" (in 17th-century pronunciation, a pun on "thyme" and thus a truly Nabokovian word-play) with herbs and flowers; time the eroder has been alchemized in this artful re-creation of paradise into a golden translucence, delighting palate and eye. Nabokov means to create just such an interinvolvement of art and pleasure transcending time, or rather capturing its elusive living "texture," as Van Veen calls it, and this, finally, is the dramatic function of the novel's unflagging emphasis on erotic experience. The point is made clearer in the novel by still another allusion. Marvell's "Garden" modulates into several other poems in the course of the narrative, but the most significant is Baudelaire's *Invitation au voyage*, which is burlesqued in the novel with an oak tree inserted in the second and third line, to establish the cross-link with Marvell. The Baudelaire poem is also a ravishing dream of a perfect world, a world saturated with both generally sensual and specifically erotic delight, but realized, as such bliss can only be realized, through the beautiful ordering of art. Against the background of the novel, the famous opening lines of the poem become an evocation of Ardis, Van

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addressing Ada: "*Mon enfant, ma soeur,/ Songe à la douceur/ D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!/ Aimer à loisir/Aimer et mourir/Au pays qui te ressemble!*" ("My child, my sister,/ Think of the delight/ Of going there to live together!/ To love at ease/ To love and die/ In the land that resembles you!") It is noteworthy that fragments of these lines are bandied about by Ada at the point in the narrative when their first sexual intimacy is recollected; significantly, this is the one moment in the novel when Ada actually says to Van that they are not two different people.

Baudelaire's poem, then, suggests what is also clear in the novel in other ways, that *Ada* is formed on the paradox of rendering the perfect state of nature through a perfect state of art, self-conscious, allusive, and exquisitely ordered. In this respect, Nabokov also follows the model of Milton (who is burlesqued in tetrameters at one point) in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, where prelapsarian Eden is described through the most finely ostentatious artifice—a natural garden full of sapphire founts, sands of gold, burnished fruit, crystal-mirror brooks, in which the preceding literary tradition of envisioned paradises is incorporated through the cunning strategy of negation ("Not that fair field/ Of Enna . . .," and so forth). It may be that *Ada* pays a price as a novel for being an extended poetic vision of Eden: Van and Ada sometimes seem to be more voices and images in a lyric poem than novelistic characters; the excess of perfection they must sustain makes them less interesting individually, less humanly engaging, than many of Nabokov's previous protagonists. In compensation, the expression in *Ada* of a lover's consummated delight in life and beauty is an achievement that has very few equals in the history of the novel. Let me offer a brief representative instance, in which the lovers' present is juxtaposed with their ardisiac past:

> Her plump, stickily glistening lips smiled.
>
> (When I kiss you *here*, he said to her years later, I always remember that blue morning on the balcony when you were eating a *tartine au miel;* so much better in French.)
>
> The classical beauty of clover honey, smooth, pale, translucent, freely flowing from the spoon and soaking my love's bread and butter in liquid brass. The crumb steeped in nectar.

The honeyed bread-slice here is very much a Nabokovian equivalent of Proust's *petite madeleine* and of that more erotic tidbit, the ambrosial seedcake which Molly Bloom puts from her mouth into her young lover Leopold's. Through its sweetness past and present fuse, or, to speak more precisely, they fuse through its sweetness minutely observed and recollected, then distilled into the lucid order of a poem that moves in alliterative music through a poised choreography of dactyls and trochees to the culminating metaphorical paradox of the honey as liquid brass and the final substitution of nectar for the honey, now become "literally" food for the gods.

AT SEVERAL POINTS in the novel the narrator takes pains to inform us that Ada in Russian means "hell." The point, I would assume, is that Ada and Van in their Eden are in a state before the knowledge of good and evil, when heaven and hell cannot be distinguished. This also suggests, however, that there could be an ambiguous underside of evil in the edenic fulfillment offered Van by his sister-soul, and the suicide to which the two of them inadvertently drive Lucette may indicate that a paradisiac love can have evil consequences when it impinges on the lives of others outside the Garden. In any case, the ultimate sense of the novel is of all threats of evil, including the evil of the corrosive passage of time, finally transcended by the twinned power of art and love. One last clue encodes this idea as a signature of affirmation at the end of the novel. Moving around mysteriously in the background of the concluding section is an unexplained figure named Ronald Oranger. Since he marries the typist responsible for Van's manuscript, and since he and his wife, according to a prefatory note, are the only significant persons mentioned in the book still alive when it is published, one may assume that his is the final responsibility for the text of *Ada*, he the presiding spirit at the end. All we really know about him is his name, which means "orange tree" in French. No orange trees are explicitly mentioned in Marvell's "Garden," though they are spectacularly present in "Bermudas," another remarkable poem by Marvell about a garden-paradise. In any event, "Ronald Oranger" has an anagrammatic look, and could be rearranged as a reversal of the book's title, "angel nor ardor"—which is to say, the fixative force of art, working through the imagination of love, has extracted heaven from hell, Eden from Ada, has established a perfected state that originates in the carnal passions but goes quite beyond them. Fortunately, the code-games and allusions in *Ada* are merely pointers to the peculiar nature of the novel's imaginative richness, which does not finally depend on the clues. Few books written in our lifetime afford so much pleasure. Perhaps the parody-blurb at the end is not so wrong in proffering the novel as a voluminous bag of rare delights: Nabokov's garden abounds with the pleasurable visions whose artful design I have tried to sketch out here, and, as the blurb justifiably concludes, with "much, much more."

Truth in the Courtroom

Edward Jay Epstein

TO WHAT EXTENT can criminal trials be expected to establish the truth about historical events? The question is a serious one, but it has been confounded by a discrepancy that exists between the legal and the popular conception of what a trial does. In law, the purpose of a criminal trial is to decide, according to predetermined norms, whether a defen-

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dant is guilty or not guilty of a particular charge. Adversary proceedings are designed to render a simple yes-or-no answer to some precise question, a question which has been drawn in as specific a manner as possible. In the popular imagination, however, a trial performs a somewhat grander service. It is looked upon as a fact-finding operation, an occasion for the public exposure of all known information regarding a given crime. The general assumption is that, if fairly conducted, a trial will yield the whole truth; aside from meting out justice to the accused, it will provide complete information and resolve the doubts of a concerned public.

THE assumption that the "truth" ineluctably emerges in a fair trial is the premise of countless mystery novels and courtroom television dramas of the Perry Mason variety. It is a presupposition which is reinforced by the news media, a convenient tack for journalists to take since it reduces the burden of reporting the facts about a crime to the business of covering court proceedings. "Objective journalism" requires only that both sides of a story be printed—a requirement that it is fulfilled by the contrapuntal presentation of evidence by prosecution and defense; in addition, cross-examination provides an element of dramatic conflict, neatly resolved by the jury's verdict.

A recent lead editorial in the New York *Times*, entitled "Tongue-Tied Justice," and written in reaction to James Earl Ray's decision to plead guilty to the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, is a telling case in point. For Ray's decision had the effect of depriving the press of a long-anticipated trial, one which was expected to provide answers to the same sorts of questions which continue to disturb the public regarding the assassination of President Kennedy, and which presumably linger on because Lee Harvey Oswald was never brought to trial. The editorial is worth quoting at length:

> The aborted trial of James Earl Ray for the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is a shocking breach of faith with the American people, black and white, and of people the world over still numbed and puzzled by the gunfire that struck down this international leader.
>
> Ray is entitled by all legal means to avail himself of the defenses open to him under the law. But by no means, legal or pragmatic, should the doors of the courtroom and the jail be slammed shut on the facts, the motives, and the doubts of this horrible murder.
>
> Why should this assassination case be tried by statements instead of formal legal procedures, subject to examination and cross-examination, the presentation of all the evidence by the prosecution, the appearance of the accused in open court? . . . In the ghetto and in the world outside the ghetto, the question still cries for answer: Was there a conspiracy to kill Dr. King and who was in it?
>
> The state's case has been read to the jury. But that is hardly enough in a case of this magnitude. This was not a street crime but, on the surface, a racist or quasi-political assassination. It is not enough to say that the state accepted the guilty plea and agreed to end the case because the death penalty has not been used since 1961 in Tennessee.
>
> No one was demanding blood; everyone is demanding facts. Are we going to get the facts from Ray's lawyers, past or present, one of whom is trying to peddle the story to magazines? Are we going to get the facts from William Bradford Huie, the author who has "bought" the "rights" to Ray's story? What a mockery of justice for the facts to emerge in marketed justice!
>
> Unless proceedings are convened in court—Federal, if not state—we shall never know the adjudicated truth. There should be no Warren Commissions necessary—a month or a year from now—to still our doubts and do what a Tennessee court has failed to do.

It is clear from this editorial that the *Times* does not consider it the function of a trial merely to determine whether the accused is guilty or not guilty; Ray's plea would have been sufficient for that purpose. The "mockery of justice" perpetrated by the Tennessee Court lay not in its failure to provide due process for Ray but in its

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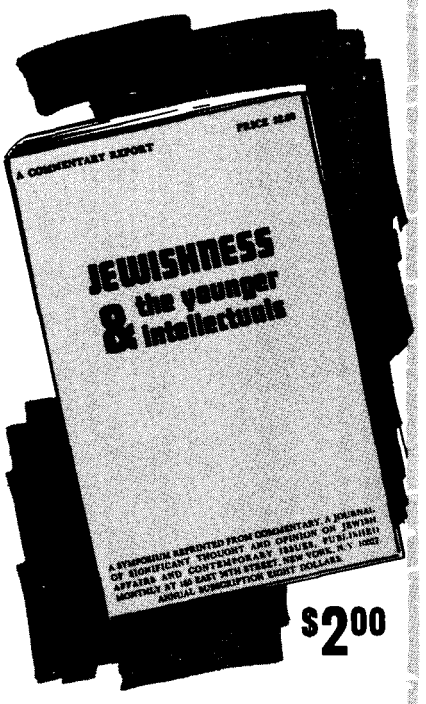

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failure to provide information to the public: "facts," not "blood."

THE RIGHTS of a defendant notwithstanding, the news media insist that a major trial be turned into a public forum. To accomplish that end, the accused must appear in open court, the prosecution must present all the evidence, cross-examination must take place, and "by no means, legal or pragmatic," should the courtroom doors be slammed shut on the facts. Naturally, a plea of guilty on the part of a defendant is therefore precluded, for it cuts short the issuance of facts and information. What the media do not appear to understand, however, is that a guilty plea is a defendant's *legal* prerogative. Nor do the media fully recognize the right of the accused *not* to take the stand but simply to remain mute, or the right of the defense to attack or attempt to contravert the prosecution's case *without* presenting its own side of the story, or the procedural rules which impose restrictions upon the sorts of evidence that may be introduced and which require that the prosecution present only such evidence as is relevant to the specific charges at hand. There can be no provision in law, furthermore, for differentiating between "routine" murder trials and extraordinary ones, such as "quasi-political assassination"; all must be governed by the same fixed rules, some of which necessarily impede the disclosure of information. Often the right of a defendant is precisely his right to withhold, or prevent the prosecution from introducing, certain information which the public might like to know but which might prove to be prejudicial to his case.

Where James Earl Ray is concerned, it is not at all certain that a full-dress trial would have provided any truly satisfying historical answers to the mysteries of the King assassination. The prosecution's case, which the jury had read before the guilty plea was accepted, introduced no evidence that Ray had been party to a conspiracy. The defense apparently had no intention of attempting to show that Ray had murdered Dr. King at the behest of others; indeed, it would not have made much sense for the defense to have done so, since the fact of Ray's participation in a conspiracy would in no way have affected the murder charge. An open trial could only have facilitated a judgment as to whether or not Ray was guilty, as charged, of having fired the shot that killed Dr. King.

IN ONE of the few systematic efforts that have been made to evaluate the fact-finding efficacy of criminal trials, Professor Herbert Packer of Stanford Law School examined some of the more prominent cases involving accused Communist subversives during the McCarthy era*; he found that a trial, considered as a means of establishing historical truths, inevitably encounters one of two problems: "either it leaves out too much to be informative or it includes too much to be orderly." To be effective, a criminal charge must be drawn as narrowly as possible. Rules of relevancy are such that a complete historical exposition can rarely emerge in the course of a trial. Even in cases—like the Smith Act conspiracy trials—where a great deal of information was allowed to be introduced, Packer found that the adversary process "simply is not well adapted to the intelligible sequential ordering of complex factual information"; those bits and pieces that have emerged in such trials fail to yield a comprehensive truth. Packer concluded that the criminal trial, as an instrument of fact-finding, was unequal to the demands placed upon it. Since most criminal trials are settled by a guilty plea or by a plea negotiated by the counsels, a comprehensive search for facts is not called for, or needed. In "routine" cases, ones that do not generate public controversy, the verdict of the court is generally accepted, and soon forgotten, by the public: the fact that a decision has been rendered is more important than the nature of the verdict itself. It is only in the most celebrated cases, usually those which touch upon widely held political or moral convictions, and in which the crime is linked to a larger symbolic cause, that the verdict is likely to be challenged. Yet even in such cases, the attack usually centers upon the question of the fairness with which the trial was conducted rather than upon the question of whether the court as an institution possesses the necessary fact-finding apparatus to determine satisfactory truths about a complex event.

IN THE United States, perhaps the trial most thoroughly scrutinized for its "fairness" has been that of Sacco and Vanzetti; for many people, this trial has become a kind of American version of the Dreyfus case. The common argument runs as follows: two Italian anarchists were arrested and convicted of murder, not because there was any substantial evidence against them, but because of a prevailing hysteria about, and prejudice against, anarchists, a prejudice shared by the court that tried them. Even though the trial was manifestly unfair, and the evidence transparently flimsy, the argument continues, the Establishment rallied to the defense of the verdict in an effort to protect the political system.

In 1927, the year that Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, the trial proceedings against the two men were vigorously attacked by Felix Frankfurter, then a professor of law at Harvard; scores of books and articles have since reiterated and expanded upon Frankfurter's basic theme that the trial was unfair.† Herbert B. Ehrmann, the last surviving defense lawyer who played a central role in the case, has now written the latest, and what is no doubt the most comprehensive, analysis, not only of the trial, but of the crime as well.* *

Ehrmann too argues that the conviction of two innocent men

*_Ex-Communist Witnesses,_ Stanford Univeristy Press, 1962.

† An excellent bibliography is available in G. Louis Joughlin and Edmund M. Morgan, _The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti,_ Peter Smith, 1964. A complete transcript of the trial and the subsequent proceedings, with a prefatory essay by William O. Douglas, has recently been issued in reprint by Paul P. Appel, Inc. (6 vols., 6300 pp., $200).

* * _The Case That Will Not Die: Commonwealth vs. Sacco and Vanzetti,_ Little, Brown, 545 pp., $12.50.

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proceeded from an unfair trial and from the egregious errors of a prejudiced judge, but his trenchant analysis of the evidence, both that introduced into and that omitted from the trial, raises larger questions about the adequacy of the judicial process. For most of the evidence that Ehrmann, like others before him, has relied on to show that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent of the crime, was in fact never introduced during the trial. Some of this evidence, such as a convicted murderer's belated confession that his gang, and not Sacco and Vanzetti, were responsible for the crime, came to light only after the trial had ended. Other evidence, like the reports of the Pinkerton Detective Agency and the local police department, which cast considerable light on the way in which the case against Sacco and Vanzetti was constructed, were not entered into evidence by the prosecution because they were not relevant to the charges against the defendants. Agreements between defense and prosecution counsel led to the exclusion of still other evidence that might have further illuminated the case. Since a trial is not an investigative but a demonstrative proceeding, it can only evaluate the facts brought forth by the prosecution and defense. And, given the nature of the adversary system, in which each side attempts to develop evidence that is helpful to its side of the case and exclude evidence that is detrimental to it, there is little reason to expect that a trial, even a fair one, will produce all the evidence that exists.

Ehrmann demonstrates how the prosecutor's skillful cross-examination was used to confuse witnesses about events that took place more than a year before the trial, and to discredit the testimony of hostile witnesses. (Herbert Packer also found that cross-examination does not necessarily serve as a "great engine of truth" for eliciting the broad context of an event.) Ehrmann further indicates that "expert testimony" was not always the impartial scientific interpretation of evidence that it is presumed to be. The experts in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial made prior arrangements as to what they would be

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asked and how they would answer. In the testimony about ballistics, for example, a noted expert went to considerable lengths to find terms that would deliberately convey a *mis*impression of his actual reading of the evidence. Some of the more telling ballistics evidence was also excluded by stipulations, or deals, between prosecution and defense. This is not to suggest that evidence that was excluded would always have worked to the defendants' benefit. A re-analysis of the ballistics evidence, for example, done six years after the trial with the newly-developed comparison microscope, indicated that one of the murder bullets did indeed match the revolver found on Sacco at the time of his arrest.*

BUT IN any event, the fact that data which may be vital to the determination of historical truth can be excluded from a trial does not necessarily mean that the trial is "unfair"—at least, not in the sense that the rules and procedures of law have been unfairly or improperly applied. Quite the opposite may be the case: rules and procedures designed to protect the rights of the accused and facilitate the adversary process can, and often do, work to restrict the evidence that can be introduced. Nor can a trial, no matter how "fair," evaluate evidence that has been missed by the police investigations, which themselves may have been faulty or tendentious. The ability of the defense to conduct its own private investigation is limited by the resources available to it, both financial and legal, and by its purpose—to find data which support its client's side of the case. Even if the Sacco-Vanzetti trial had been a paragon of fair procedure, a true picture of the event might not have emerged in the course of it. To be sure, a fairer trial (which would have excluded *more,* not less, evidence) might have produced a verdict of not guilty, but that judgment would still have been made on the basis of incomplete information—for example, some of the incriminating ballistics evidence might have been disallowed for technical reasons—and there still could have been no certainty about the accuracy with which the trial had reconstructed the historic event.

A trial, then, can produce a decision of guilty or not guilty, and if the trial is assumed to have been fairly conducted, the decision will be generally accepted, but a trial cannot be counted on to yield large historic truths. Whether the doubts surrounding the King assassination will be resolved more reliably than those of the Sacco-Vanzetti case remains to be seen. But the nature of our judicial system is such that, when the investigative wherewithal of public agencies has been exhausted, the responsibility for providing the public with a full rendering of the event ultimately rests not with the courts, but with concerned historians.

*A more complete analysis of the ballistics evidence can be found in Francis Russell, *Tragedy in Dedham,* McGraw-Hill, 1962.

Pornography & Propaganda

John Thompson

FOR ALL I know, the "Frank Newman" who wrote *Barbara** may actually be named Frank Newman, and the "Odette Newman" credited with *So You Think Sex Is Dirty?*† may be a real name too. Who is Norman Singer, author of *The Babysitter, The Hungry Husband, The Lay of the Land,* and other titles in the various series of dirty books now published in America by Maurice Girodias? Vladimir Nabokov, author of the *Lolita* which Girodias published in the old Traveller's Companion editions in Paris, is a real name; and so (I believe) is J. P. Donleavy, credited with *The Ginger Man* when it was first published there. For *Candy,* though, Mason Hoffenberg and Terry Southern chose to use a pseudonym. So one doesn't know, anymore than one knows the bibliographical data on Grove Press books like *A Man With A Maid,* advertised first as underground Victoriana and then as being "in the tradition of" those kind of dirty books—and now honored with a sequel which seems to be pirated. No, pirated is not quite the word: what is it when an additional volume borrowing the title and form of the original is published with the claim that it is an extension of the original? In this case, probably just a hoax upon a hoax.

Thus the old aura of the surreptitious manages to cling to dirty books even though in the name of truth and liberation they now offer publicly for sale material that goes far beyond anything that I, at least, ever saw of the old-fashioned secret printings. If Girodias and Barney Rosset confess to their publishing enterprise, many of their authors do not; and if the dirty book shops flourish openly, not only in Times Square but in other parts of town, they are not usually engaged in the general book trade. My small acquaintance with the old Traveller's Companion Series in Paris was gained by finding them here and there among other books in regular book stores or in stalls on the quais; the dirty book shop I have been patronizing on the Upper West Side has nothing but this one specialty. Signs proclaim NO BROWSING. FEE OF $2.00 FOR LOOKING AT MAGAZINES IF NO PURCHASE. The clerk sits high in a sort of observation perch. When I was in there the other day, some innocent appeared asking for the Monarch Review series. His instinct was somehow correct, for these trots also used to be thought indecorous and students didn't bring them to class. The clerk said, "This is a erotic book store. We got nothing here but erotic sex books." What you buy he seals in a plain brown paper sack.

THE RECENT outcropping of dirty weekly papers was peddled openly, in New York at least, on regular newsstands, and purported to be leading a crusade against the older and acceptable type of dirty papers on these stands, those that

JOHN THOMPSON *reviews fiction regularly in these pages.*

* Traveller's Companion, Inc., 176 pp., $1.75.

† Traveller's Companion, Inc., 171 pp., $1.75.

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have headlines like "She Boiled Her Baby and Ate It." With their raucous barracks language, graffiti-like art works, and homosexual pin-ups, these strange publications also seemed to be assaulting the kind of old-fashioned fraternity-house view of sex presented in *Esquire* and *Playboy*. Unlike the snub-nosed monsters who coyly display their balloon-like mammary glands in those magazines, the women in the dirty papers had pubic hair and genitals, and as often as not pimples, soiled feet, and breasts as detumescent as the male organs also photographed there with all the art of a *Daily News* car-crash report. The crusaders acted so boldly, meanwhile plastering bright labels on their covers reading: "Warning—Adult Sex Material. If you are liable to be offended by such material kindly lay off and place back on pile neatly. Thank you. This literature is not intended for minors and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or place orders for the merchandise offered herein." This plea, apparently intended as justification under recent court rulings, is perhaps less a copping-out than itself an advertisement; still, it is something less than a real declaration of sexual independence.

THE AURA clings also to your fearless reviewer, bringing to the pages of a respectable magazine notices of a kind of literature the magazine would never publish nor most of its readers purchase anywhere. The only reviews of these books I have seen were in the dirty weekly papers which seem now finally to be suppressed after several previous attempts failed. And as an indication of the ambiguity to say the least of this reviewer's attitude, let me tell how I was speaking to a friend of mine who also collected these curiosities with as much interest and amusement as I did. I told him of the most recent "bust"; there was a moment of telepathic communication; and we both said, "Good." What we wordlessly confessed was, of course, that if everyone could get this stuff it was not going to be fun anymore.

* * *

NO DOUBT most other educated persons know more of biology than I do, and certainly I could relieve at least a part of my ignorance with a few more hours in the library. But that is not what I mean. I mean such knowledge as I have available at any moment in my mind for the notions and decisions about sex that come to bemuse or frighten me. But doesn't it seem that the human race might well be content with what nature has arranged for us in this matter? Certainly our system of reproduction is fantastically, even, as we are so often told now, threateningly successful. We are indeed attracted to one another, male and female, we manage the physical mechanics of fertilization with appalling success, and as if this were not enough, we have almost universally among our species a mating system which insures for most of us the constant availability of a willing sexual partner, an availability furthered not only by our family system but (which came first?) by the fact that unlike other mammals we are not dependent on cycles of female estrous for sexual stimulation. Folklore, gossip, and Kinsey assure us that we can if we wish go through the motions of the act of reproduction every day of our lives practically from the onset of puberty. Yet who would not laugh to hear me say now, What more do we want?

The first and obviously correct assumption of the dirty books is that we want a great deal more. We want sex in the head, if I may be permitted D. H. Lawrence's old phrase, invented by him when it could mean something it would not mean today, at least in dirty books. We want to know how other people do it, we want to hear them talk about it, we want to talk about it, we want to see it, or see pictures of it; many if not all of us want not just the genital contacts of the reproductive process but strange mockeries of the process which (in my innocent biology) I believe the other mammals not in "domestic" or other captivity find little time for. This kind of curiosity is one thing the dirty books satisfy.

And this seems to me useful. The ignorance of even sophisticated people cannot be overestimated. Recently, among some of my literary friends, I have found I am likely to be asked not about some play or film or some new novel but rather this, "Have you read *Barbara* yet?" I wanted to recite this simple question first only in the connection of how topical these dirty books are; but in this other connection, in that of our ignorance, the query has a sequel. The lady asking the question, a novelist of some note, went on to inquire if I knew whether one of the complex couplings described in that work was really physically possible. It was that of simultaneous vaginal and anal penetration of a woman by two men. I am not prepared to say why she should know that or why she should not, but she did not, anymore than I myself only a few years ago knew what Norman Mailer meant when he said that behind the discreetly closed bedroom door, in that once fearsomely dirty book, *The Deer Park*, three of his characters made a "sandwich." Well, what if they did, why do we care? I am sure many people have led long and happy lives never dreaming of such triples.

I have purposely chosen for these few remarks a kind of relation that probably has a minimal overt attraction for most people. Few men I know like to share their women, few women would care to serve what might seem to them two men's interest in one another rather than in her. Still I think we all have a nearly unbounded curiosity about the permutations and combinations of human sex, and who is to say we should be in ignorance of them—if for no other reason than for the protection of those who may decide to remain personally if not intellectually innocent of these practices.

My example, however, if by no means extreme among the well-rehearsed team-plays that abound in these new dirty books, still admittedly is not of the same sort as those benign instructions and vicarious pleasures offered to us by a book like *Fanny Hill*. Almost all of us now, I would guess, might think this a kind of period tableau of marzipan dolls which we wouldn't even hide from the chil-

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dren. Another remark, this time by a distinguished British writer known also for his homosexuality. Quite shyly he said, "Yes, *Fanny Hill* is charming, and I think now that had I been able to read it when I was a boy, had I known women might be like that, it might have made all the difference to me." There is also in these books much instruction for middleaged Middlewesterners, like myself, in how to conquer the terrible squeamishness we were brought up in. Not in Fanny Hill, of course. There is nothing there to offend even our so spotlessly scrubbed souls.

MOST OF the dirty books I have read are, like most other books, produced by idiots for idiots, and who am I to say that those with low thresholds should not be given these to enjoy, as others blessed by easily available imaginations are satisfied by *Airport* or similar respectable fantasies. It is difficult to imagine them doing any harm, unless you believe that masturbation is harmful. Somewhat more literate than most (although not much better printed—our modern requirements in book arts for pornography are certainly nothing like those of the fabled 19th-century collectors) are the books signed Norman Singer. They have some humor of a crude kind, and some social observation of about the caliber of a routine mystery story, that is, easily indicated varieties of cliché, the bored middle-class housewife, the blustering father-in-law, the plain girl who becomes a siren when she removes her—her eyeglasses. The plot is that of an innocent person seduced first into illicit and physically complex heterosexual acts, each partner possessing bodily attributes of Homeric proportions. For most of these encounters a libretto for the reader's mental processes is provided with "oohs" and "ahs" and, "Aw man, he was starting to tremble all over!" Then the innocent is further seduced into homosexual acts, by surprise, drugs, force, or other means, and he finds he likes that too. From there on there is nowhere to go but into further repetitions. Sexual freedom is praised by all concerned, but drugs, in these books, are dangerous and one heavy user of them, although possessing the same prodiguous sexual capacities as the other characters, commits suicide.

Barbara has the same sort of progression, a scenario that provides for the presence of at least one innocent or new partner (the reader) at each of the progressively-complicated and presumably outrageous orgies. *Barbara*, however, has pretensions both to genuine social observation and to social purpose. The scene is Provincetown, the society is that of painters, writers, various visitors and tourists, college and high-school kids, and a few dogs. The right clothing and wrong clothing is described with all the narrow-eyed fervor of *Harper's Bazaar*; the right places, the right food, the right interior decoration, all these important matters are definitively dealth with. When they observe this obsessive preening of a certain trendy kind among other males, men call this the taste of faggots. *Barbara* is a handbook of one variety of faggot chic.

The hero of the book is one Max, and his primary function is to serve as orgy-master for the accumulation of these rituals as the book proceeds. In this role he would seem to be, by the standards of the other books I have read, sufficiently inventive, gathering to himself and to those about him large numbers of male and female homosexuals and persons of various races and ages, all of them of course magnificently endowed in physique and temperament for their demanding tasks. In *Barbara* there is more than the usual provision, for a dirty book, of motive, individual reaction, and of setting for these occasions. On an imaginary critical scale, I should suggest these provisions of extracurricular interest match those provided by an average television serial to stitch together its essential elements of beatings, knifings, and shootings. This puts it, of course, far above the average dirty book should we wish to invoke this scale.

BUT FURTHER distinguishing *Barbara* from its neighbors on the sex-shop shelves is its declared social purpose. It is not for me to say what the intention of this dual presence might be, to say whether the familiar Laocoon-like writhings of the orgy are supposed to seduce us to the doctrines about society, or whether these doctrines are to seduce us to assent (in our "heads"?) to the oral and anal outrages. I know why I doubt, though, the avowed intent claimed for the book by its publisher, Girodias, in his preface—his claim that *Barbara* is the manifesto of a new breed whose boasted political and sexual freedom will at last set things right in our rotten bourgeois culture: sexual freedom is now ready to undo the old Puritan bonds, and the connection of sex and social criticism is thus essential. I doubt him because he sounds like a man cashing in. And I doubt the author of *Barbara* because he messes up pornographic pleasures with propagandistic messages. But finally I doubt him because I believe both the sexual propaganda and the social propaganda are in truth only homosexual propaganda.

I realize that to say this today among people who read without moving their lips is about as barbarian as pasting a decal of the American flag on one's automobile, and I realize that it would be popular among those who move their lips without reading. Furthermore, I realize that there is something a bit silly about this whole project, this solemnity about dirty books. To intellectualize on the subject is little better than prowling into them in order to censor, to collect one's own pornography so that one may better command the burning of that of others.

And I can see, doubtless far less clearly than my readers will have seen already, that when I voice my final objection to these books it will be based on some all-but-unconscious concatenation of the various anecdotes I have chosen to present here. My simultaneous pleasure in dirty books and my objection both to their easy availability and to their present tendency is clearly derived from boyhood, from attitudes of that boyhood culture that it would be stupid to call anything but homosexual. Boys enjoy talking to one another about

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sex, they enjoy using dirty words. Some of them, of course, enjoy mutual overt acts too; but it seems to me that this is something different. This talk is a form of bluster, really, of bluster and giggling, and we can enjoy it always with other men, products of the same culture that formed us, wherever we go. Its real utility I do not mean to consider here: I am speaking of pleasures. Every man I know enjoys this kind of talk. But very few men I know enjoy acting-out giggles or acting-out bluster, and even fewer enjoy seeing other men do it. If this be morality, make the most of it.

Therefore I do not enjoy seeing our boyish bluster and giggles transformed into propaganda, which tries, I believe, to strike us at that level which we cannot in faith to ourselves and to our friends deny. To make objections to dirty jokes or dirty words in the company of other men would be unmanly—that is to say, unboyish—but to object to their widespread public display, to their open publication, or to the public performance of the fantasies embedded in this boyish talk—to object to that is not unmanly, above all it is not unboyish. It is no treason. Those who perform these things, who seek to present them in imaginative productions as something possible to perform—for clearly in our boyhood talks they were totally impossible—those who do this are the dumbbells who never understood. They are the kind who would probably become sexually aroused during the recital of a dirty joke and would laugh during a good voyeuristic spectacle like a blue film. They simply did not understand and they never will.

Nor am I impressed by the argument, quite as explicit in this dirty book *Barbara* as in the works of Norman O. Brown, that the vile hinges of civilization will rot and fall if only "queer power" could prevail, and that the ensuing period will be one of the lion lying down with the lamb, the lady with the Doberman-Pinscher, all the boys with all the girls, and everybody will perform superhuman deeds of sexual athletics.

A few months ago in these pages I made the rash statement that few of us, however enthusiastic about Eros, ever argued in favor of abolishing the incest taboo, which we should have to do if we seriously proposed healing this wound to man's erotic life that Freud said was perhaps the most maiming ever inflicted on us. "Few of us" was an evasion: I didn't really know of any. Still, it leaves me not completely caught out by my then ignorance of *Barbara*. But I must now, briefly, before explaining that remark, tell a bit about the indoctrinations given us by Frank Newman, or to be somewhat more fair, by his hero Max. Max lives in an open beach shack, eats brown rice with bits of fish, lives by occasional jobs as "an expert bartender, a good auto mechanic, a first-rate typist. About twice a week something would come in the mail for him—a book or jazz record to review, a manuscript to edit or proofread." He is also an expert petty thief, crawls under the door in pay toilets, and charges phone calls to his enemies' numbers. (Oh ambivalence, thy presence is everywhere. I began this list thinking what a revolting figure of old-fashioned Village daydreaming this Max was, and now I see how charming he must be. A first-rate typist crawling under the toilet stall door!)

But to return to my serious and, I still insist, derisive purpose: Max instructs his neophytes, after having trained them in karate, tantra, Bhagavad-Ghita, Che, and other arcane matters: "Right, when you leave here. All of you, Barbara and Franz, all love commandoes, freaking people out once and for all. What more can you do?"

Well, they can make their final assault on Western, if not World, civilization. At the final orgy of the Provincetown season, just as they are to depart with their love-commando commissions, Barbara and Franz (already lovers as brother and sister) are presented with their mother and their father with whom they proceed to commit in mother-daughter and father-son combinations oral-genital perversions. Can you not hear the giggles of "Frank Newman" as he thought of mailing that last page off to Girodias?

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Books in Review

Before Marx

THE ORIGINS OF SOCIALISM. By GEORGE LICHTHEIM. *Praeger. 302 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by SHLOMO AVINERI

A SCHOLARLY yet compact introduction to socialist theory has not been available in English for some years: G. D. H. Cole's monumental *History of Socialist Thought* is too comprehensive for anyone but the specialist, while older studies, like those of Max Beer, Alexander Gray, and Ludwig von Mises, now appear dated and flat. George Lichtheim's new book, then, fills a perceived need; it is doubly to be welcomed since Lichtheim is one of the few people qualified to write such a work.

Lichtheim begins by attempting to determine the context within which a discussion of socialism is both historically and theoretically relevant. Socialism has been presented on occasion as a constant theme in human thinking, as old as human history itself: thus, Beer opens his history of socialism with Plato, the Hebrew prophets, and the Spartan *polis*. This kind of ecumenism, however, besides reducing some very divergent phenomena to a one-dimensional common denominator, belittles the specific significance of modern socialism, and Lichtheim correctly dismisses it.

Another, even more widely-held notion is that socialism is the ultimate realization of the ideas of the French Revolution. This view, which maintains that democracy necessarily means socialism, that the principles of liberalism necessarily lead to a critique of private property, and the like, aims at giving socialism a respectable parentage, its nonconformism shorn of discordant elements. A parallel version maintains that socialism is Christianity writ secular, thus again giving an immaculate pedigree to what after all has been a revolutionary movement.

Though Lichtheim is aware that for propagandistic purposes these genealogies of socialism have had their usefulness, as historical explanations he rejects them out of hand. Obviously there are themes in liberalism and in Christianity (or, for that matter, in Judaism) which can be projected onto a socialist vision, but as a system of ideas, and as a political movement of the industrial working class in the 19th century, socialism derives from a very specific and unique convergence of historical forces. Socialism emerged, Lichtheim argues, at that particular point in modern European history when the socio-political order established by the French Revolution and its aftermath clashed with the economic realities created by the industrial revolution. It was the *tension* between the politics of liberalism and the economics of laissez-faire that gave birth to socialism; socialism's relation to liberalism, in other words, is not linear but dialectical.

This view of the origins of socialism determines the structure of Lichtheim's book, which traces the history of the movement from its starting point in the political system created by the French Revolution to its climax in the Marxian synthesis and its relation to the revolutionary *annus mirabilis*, 1848. Readers of Lichtheim's earlier book, *Marxism*, will be familiar with his main thesis, but it is here worked out in a more detailed and more acutely argued fashion.

LICHTHEIM DISCUSSES France, England, and Germany separately and shows how the specific conditions of each country influenced the course of socialist development within it. In France, the post-1789 revolutionary tradition was responsible for the strong emphasis on politics and revolutionary action. Babeuf and his followers, whose primitive, distributive, and egalitarian theories had not yet been emancipated from the purely political trappings of their Jacobin background, bequeathed to the socialist movement the notion that a dictatorship was necessary to transform society—a legacy which has never since ceased to haunt the imagination of socialists (as well as their opponents). The English socialists, on the other hand, whose critique of liberal laissez-faire economics was sometimes much more scathing than that of their French contemporaries, developed, in the absence of a revolutionary tradition within their own political culture, a strong reformist and gradualist approach. It was the paradox of early 19th-century socialism that France possessed the tradition for a proletarian revolution yet had no proletarian movement, while England, which lacked the tradition, had in the Chartists a real revolutionary working-class movement. The French socialists failed in 1848 because they were officers without soldiers; the Chartists failed because their mass movement could not be translated into relevant political terms within the structure of English politics of the period.

What Lichtheim finds as a common denominator in these variegated trends is the constant theme of a reorganization of society that would take into account the consequences of the industrial revolution: it is this theme that, to Lichtheim, makes socialism a specifically *modern* phenomenon. It is also why he sees Saint-Simon as more central to the development of socialism than Fourier. The insistence of the Saint-Simonians on the primacy of production over property did more to shape socialism than any socialist doctrine except Marxism.

Another central point brought out by Lichtheim (one wishes he had found it possible here to go into more detail) is the relationship

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between socialism and another 19th-century phenomenon, romanticism. The romantic element can be traced in France to Rousseau, in Germany to Fichte and the whole idealist tradition, and in England it can be found in Coleridge and in some aspects of Tory radicalism. At times, indeed, the socialist and conservative criticisms of industrial, bourgeois society have appeared to converge—it is sometimes forgotten that one of the people who most influenced Engels in his earlier years was Thomas Carlyle. Lichtheim devotes some illuminating pages to the German conservative thinker Rodbertus, a precursor of that specific German genus, *Katherdersozialismus*; earlier examples can also be found in the writings of Adam Miller and Franz von Baader.

THE CRITICAL factor, however, that enabled all these disparate elements to coalesce into a coherent theory of historical development and social action was the German, or more specifically, the Hegelian ingredient. As Lichtheim says: "It was precisely Hegel's all-embracing rationalism which made possible the world-transforming activism of his radical followers." Given Hegel's basic political conservatism, this is certainly a paradox. It is true that in his *Philosophy of Right*, and even earlier in his *Jenenser Realphilosophie*, Hegel was conscious of the fact that the very structure of civil society (*bürgerliche Gesellschaft*) necessarily created the conditions of poverty, dehumanization, and alienation. It left whole groups within society, in his own words, "more or less deprived of all the advantages of society, of the opportunity of acquiring skill or education of any kind, as well as the administration of justice, the public health services, and often even of the consolations of religion." Yet observations of this kind remained on the periphery of Hegel's political philosophy; what became the crucial vehicle for radical change was his central philosophical position. "What is rational is actual, and what is actual is rational," Hegel said in the famous preface to his *Philosophy of Right*. Far from being a blanket justification for the powers that be (for Hegel sharply distinguished between *Wirklichkeit*—reality—and mere *Dasein*—existence), this can be construed as a basically activist postulate, calling for the reconstruction of reality in the light of rational principles. And it was in this direction that the Young Hegelians steered their master's philosophy.

Lichtheim is most helpful in clarifying the legacy of Hegelian thought, and particularly in assessing the contribution of one of the lost prophets of socialism, Moses Hess, the Spinozist and Young Hegelian "Communist Rabbi," as Marx called him. Hess is a fascinating figure; he belonged, as his biographer, Theodor Zlocisti, once wrote, to that generation of Jews, schooled in the Talmud, who learned their Latin from Spinoza and their German from Hegel. Later, in *Rome and Jerusalem*, he became one of the precursors of Zionism without relinquishing his socialism, thus linking two traditions which later found embodiment in the Zionist Labor movement and in the socialistic outlook of the State of Israel. That his papers and letters should now be divided between the Institute for Marxism-Leninism in Moscow and the Zionist Central Archives in Jerusalem is an example of the "cunning of Reason" which every Hegelian, of whatever political coloration, would certainly savor. Lichtheim restores Hess to the mainstream of socialist thought and places him in the central position he deserves on the road from Hegel to Marx.

In coming to Marx himself, Lichtheim cannot but recapitulate a good deal of what he discussed earlier, and so successfully, in his *Marxism*. Though he maintains a critical attitude toward Marx, as toward all the other thinkers he is discussing, it does not come as a surprise that he sees Marx as "a colossus in the midst of ordinary mortals." Lichtheim locates Marx's greatness where it truly lies: while all other socialist thinkers were immersed in their specific politico-cultural contexts, Marx managed to transcend his own tradition and create a synthesis of (German) philosophy, (French) history, and (English) economics. This was a

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tremendous intellectual achievement, and through Marx's efforts—his welding of these traditions together within a system that retained the theoretical characteristics of its Hegelian background—socialism ceased to be parochial, particularistic, and specific, and entered world history.

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Life & Art

REAL PEOPLE. By ALISON LURIE. *Random House. 180 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by ELIZABETH DALTON

THE NOVELS of Alison Lurie are almost enough to make one believe in the increasingly dubious notion that reading fiction is fun. Evidently free of tormenting scruples about such matters as point of view and form, they are full of high spirits and comic inventiveness, what E. M. Forster calls "bounce." In each of them the central character, a sophisticated upper-middle-class Eastern type, takes the tour of a particular scene—a small college campus in *Love and Friendship* (1962), Los Angeles in *The Nowhere City* (1965), a small-town spiritualists' group in *Imaginary Friends* (1967), and an artists' colony in *Real People.*

Because the title of Alison Lurie's first book is borrowed from Jane Austen, one feels even more than usually compelled to make the inevitable comparison. Like Jane Austen, she is funny, cruel, and clever; unlike Jane Austen, she does not have a perfectly lucid structural sense nor a faultless control of language—the prose takes an occasional perilous swoop down into the regions of the ladies' magazines—and her ironies do not ultimately have moral resonance, but remain largely a matter of surfaces. Like many women writers, she has a malicious sharpness of observation, a fastidious eye for the details of appearance, dress, and manner that identify a type. Unlike most ladies (and most men, too) she does not shift into high gear for sex, but manages to write about it as if it were just like anything else.

Her first novel, *Love and Friendship,* like all her books, is in the tradition of the English novel of manners, where the comic effects arise from the writer's sense of the excessive and inappropriate, from the violation of conventional norms of good manners and good sense. Emmy Turner, a big, beautiful, giggly ex-debutante, comes to a little New England college town with her husband, a stuffy young man with a passion for teaching an unusually sadistic brand of freshman English. Emmy is a perfect center of vision for a comic novel, so full of upper-class expectations that she is continually being astonished; seen through her eyes, the familiar personnel of the academic novel blossom into grotesques. The irony, however, operates on more than one level: while Emmy is cheerfully putting everyone down because of their funny clothes, dirty nails, and bad manners, she too is being made fun of for her naive snobbishness, and her placement in the center gives the novel a perfectly controlled perspective. The plot, Emmy's love affair with a young composer, involving lots of comic intrigue and sylvan sex, is resolved in a peculiarly sour, disappointing, and lifelike way: Emmy's lover turns out to be a cad, while her husband develops the stodgy pathos of the cuckold; reverting to fundamentally conventional type, Emmy stays with her husband. The irony falls equally on everyone.

The second and third novels use this multifaceted irony in a more schematic and less successful way. In *The Nowhere City* a young Eastern academic couple, Paul and Katherine Cattleman, go West for a year among the freaks and frauds of Los Angeles. Paul makes the ultimate Hollywood scene with Glory Green, a starlet with silver-pink tresses and dyed-to-match pubic hair, while Katherine, an ethereal type who suffers from frigidity and sinusitis, gets defrosted by Glory's husband. The plot seems both haphazard and predictable, and the characters are familiar Hollywood grotesques out of Waugh and West. But Katherine is a good invention, and her neurasthenic perspective makes what might have been a simple satire into a collision of values from which no one emerges very well.

IN *Imaginary Friends,* the most slickly written and unconvincing of the novels, two sociologists insinuate themselves into a group of religious fanatics who believe they are in contact with an extraterrestrial being, Ro, of the planet Varna, through the person of a schizoid teenager named Verena Roberts. The project ends with Verena cured of her delusions and one of the sociologists in a mental hospital convinced that *he* is Ro. The people in this novel are not really characterized at all; the novelist's observations of personality are reduced to the sociologist's shorthand: "White Protestant American middle-class middle-aged housewife, in a housedress and flowered apron." The characters are flattened-out freaks from an animated cartoon, funny but noticeably unreal.

Though *Imaginary Friends* is billed on the jacket flap as an attack on sociology, it can be read more plausibly as a kind of unconscious parody of Alison Lurie's earlier novels, an attack of bad conscience on the part of the novelist herself. All her protagonists are essentially like the two sociologists: sophisticated Easterners, they go out into the worlds of their novels like spies into enemy territory. Their norms of value, those of upper- or upper-middle-class life style, are used on other people to categorize rather than characterize them, sorting them out relentlessly into U and non-U. The novels are ultimately saved from the snobbery of their central characters by a reversal of the irony—thus Katherine Cattleman ends up bleached and tanned as any starlet, and the sociologists are loonier than their subjects—but this reversal takes place only at the end, after the novelist has done her worst and can afford to pull the rug out from under her character and herself.

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The new novel, *Real People,* deals explicitly with the problems of novel-writing through the adventures of Janet Belle Smith, a genteel lady writer, in an artists' colony called Illyria. At Illyria Janet has an affair with a semi-literate pop artist, a definitely non-U type with muscles and greasy hair, and through him finds out what is wrong with her work and her life: she has been too busy protecting her idea of herself to be a real person. At the end she vows to change. "You can't write well with only the nice parts of your character, and only about nice things. . . . I want to use everything, including hate and envy and lust and fear."

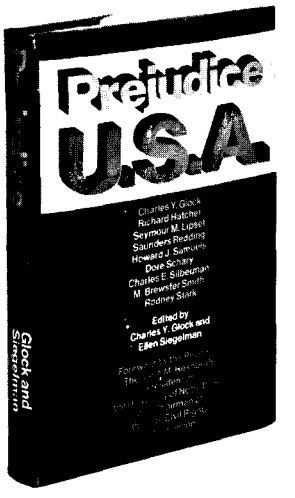
THE TEXTURE of the novel is thin, and its comic tone rather flat. Cast in the form of Janet Belle Smith's journal, it gets caught in an insuperable technical difficulty, since the diary must exclude everything but the thoughts of the diarist and inevitably suffers from her vapid, fussy style. The journal contains observations jotted down for future use: "I kept scanning his face while we talked, as if it were a strange landscape . . . regular features of moderate dimensions, given an air of intellectuality by the recession of vegetation on the upper slopes. (SAVE THIS)"; notes for stories: "The plump ghost: Seen by woman who is dieting"; and Janet's philosophy of literature: "Fiction is condensed reality; and that's why its flavor is more intense, like bouillon or frozen orange juice."

The trouble with all this is that it's not bad enough. Janet is not quite dumb enough to be funny; she's merely dull, and so earnest that at times it's hard to tell whether the author has her tongue in her cheek, or whether the subject really brings out a streak of sententiousness in her. Although we know that most of the time Janet is not to be taken seriously, there seems to be no good reason for taking her at all. One way or another, the writer is committed to what's on the page, and in this case what's on the page is boring.

The fictional texture is also weakened by the fact that the setting, Illyria, seems to be a real place—it is very like Yaddo. Mention is made of James Baldwin, Louise Bogan, Philip Roth, Norman Podhoretz, Ned Rorem, "Curt," "Hortense," "Candida," etc. The anecdotes in which they figure are utterly innocuous. For instance: once when Ed Loomis and Jonathan Baumbach were in the dining room at Illyria, a girl wearing a pink ruffled dress walked in. She was so pretty that they nearly fell off their chairs. The reader who is sufficiently up on things to know that these are real people may take some dim pleasure in this proof of his own sophistication, but for those to whom they might just as well be inventions, the story must seem quite pointless. To the author and her friends, the use of the real names is probably a delightful joke. But if its intent was to give Illyria a greater air of authenticity, it has had just the opposite result. Only a very dense fictional reality can absorb this other, literal kind of reality of persons whose existences we believe in because we have seen their pictures or read their books. Paradoxically, the effect of the intrusion of these real toads into the imaginary garden is to make it seem all the more pallid and made up.

GIVEN THE lack of perspective on Janet and the rather harsh note on which Alison Lurie's other novels end, it is difficult to know how much faith to put in her transformation. Are a few evenings in bed with a junk sculptor enough to change a lady writer into a writer? The stories Janet plans to write after leaving Illyria are another reason for doubt—they don't sound much better than those of her pre-Illyrian period. At the end, Janet notes in her journal that she has begun writing about Illyria; *Real People* is evidently the result. A novel about the experiences of Janet Belle Smith could conceivably be amusing, but not, unfortunately, when it is written by Janet Belle Smith.

The quotient of malice is much lower here than in the other novels; while the universally leveling irony of the earlier books may be morally indefensible, it is certainly more fun than this. And in the



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best of them, *Love and Friendship,* the irresponsibility and casual cruelty of the characters says more about real life and real people, finally, than the tedious soul-searching of Janet Belle Smith.

The Siddur

PRAYER IN JUDAISM. By BERNARD MARTIN. *Basic Books. 270 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by ERICH ISAAC

THE PRAYER BOOK, or Siddur, forms, with the Bible and Talmud, one of the major repositories of Jewish tradition, yet it is a work that has received comparatively little study in general evaluations of Judaism. A partial explanation for this relative lack of attention may be found in the circumstance that the Bible and the Talmud rank by common consent among the major forces that have shaped the Western mind, whereas the influence of the Prayer Book has been mostly on Jews themselves. Of course, the Talmud was also claimed only by the Jews, but its legal and exegetical method had a profound and sometimes acknowledged influence on both Christianity and Islam. The Prayer Book, on the other hand, as the prime symbol of the synagogue, which to Christianity (or Islam) constituted nothing more than the illegitimate heir of a biblical tradition truly represented by the Church (or Mosque), necessarily had little impact outside Judaism. At the same time, to the Jews the Prayer Book represented their own most characteristic expression. In *Prayer in Judaism* Bernard Martin quotes Henry Slonimsky's description of the Prayer Book as:

> the most important single Jewish book, a closer record of Jewish sufferings, Jewish needs, Jewish hopes and aspirations than the Bible itself, which, for one thing, is too grand and universal to be exclusively Jewish (as Shakespeare is not the typical Englishman) and, for another [has had] whatever is quintessentially needed for daily use . . . squeezed out of it into the Prayer Book.

The first part of *Prayer in Judaism* is a survey and interpretation of the development of Jewish prayer. Martin briefly traces Jewish prayer from its biblical beginnings to the congregational prayer of the synagogue, discusses theories placing the beginning of synagogue worship long before the destruction of the Second Temple, and considers the role of prayer in the original Temple service. Martin points out, as have others before him, that the centrality of prayer in the first Temple was reflected in the name "House of Prayer" (rather than "House of Sacrifice") bestowed upon it.

THE RELATIONSHIP between prayer and sacrifice used to bother modern Jewish students of the history of Jewish ritual and prayer, I suspect because animal sacrifice was considered by these scholars to be nothing more than an atavistic blood rite. But the fact is that Temple sacrifice constituted a profound transvaluation of ancient pagan rites, in which animal sacrifice customarily served as a re-enactment of the death of the god who would subsequently be reborn. This ritual of death and rebirth, as the liturgies accompanying pagan sacrifice make plain, was a sacred drama whose regular repetition guaranteed the survival of the order of existence. In the Jewish Temple ritual, by contrast, animal sacrifice was construed primarily as an offering, the purpose of which was to symbolize the bounty of the land, and the significance of which was to be an act of submission to God.

Martin rightly stresses that what was efficacious in the Temple service was not the sacrifice itself but the prayers that accompanied it. Indeed, even during the period of the Temple and the sacrificial cult there already existed in Palestine a devotional pattern independent of the sacrificial rite, though based on it. This service, with its morning, noon, and evening prayer assemblies—coincident with the times of the three daily Temple sacrifices—provided the foundation for the development of the synagogue. It may even be that the centrality of prayer in the sacrificial service made it easier for Judaism to overcome the loss of the physical Temple. In the pagan world, on the other hand, the sacrificial hymnology was thoroughly identified with the actual dramatic death of the animal or plant incarnations of the deity; it is perhaps for that reason that the classical pagan religions were unable to survive the suppression by organized Christianity of their sacrificial cults. (In a sense, however, there was a partial survival of these cults in the Christian mass, which is a meiosis of the ancient divine drama.)

THE BODY of Martin's book is divided into sections dealing with the various groups of prayers in the Siddur. There is a section on the Psalms, on daily and Sabbath prayers, on prayers of the Days of Awe, and on "Prayers of Our Time." These last, it should be said, do not compare favorably with the traditional prayers: programmatic ethical-cultural pronouncements in all but a few cases have supplanted authentically religious expressions. For each section Martin gives the texts of selected prayers in English, and provides an accompanying analysis.

Martin opens the section on daily and Sabbath prayers with the *Yigdal* hymn, a 14th-century version of the articles of faith of Maimonides. Martin pairs with the *Yigdal* another poetical statement of dogma, the *Adon Olam,* traditionally ascribed to Ibn Gabirol but which, in keeping with recent studies, he assigns to an earlier, Gaonic period. It is interesting to note, in view of the antiquity of this prayer, and its widespread inclusion in different Jewish rites, that the *Adon Olam* was not accepted as a common prayer in Worms, one of the oldest Jewish communities in Europe north of the Alps. (If I am not mistaken, there is a Worms-originated Responsum in which *Adon Olam* is rejected as a recent innovation.)

ERICH ISAAC, *who teaches at the City University of New York, is a specialist in the geography of religion. Mr. Isaac's article, "The Loneliest Jews of All," appeared in August 1968.*

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by THEODORE DRAPER

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Sen. Ernest Gruening wished "that copies could be sent to every member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate."

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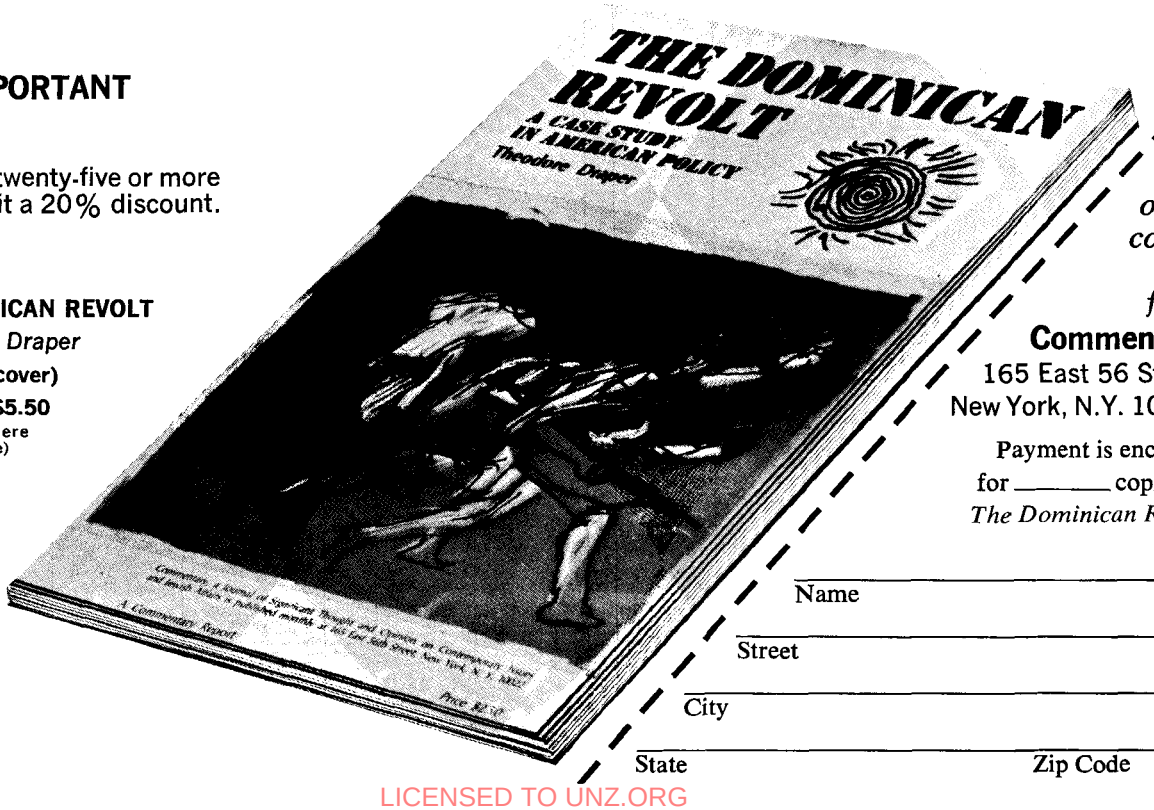

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Martin of course includes the Kaddish, which next to the Shema is probably the best-known Jewish prayer. He points out how almost magical power came to be ascribed to its recital by the son of a deceased parent. It is tempting to use this prayer as an illustration of how popular piety can subvert elitist direction. The Kaddish makes no mention of death—it is an affirmation of trust in God, recited by a teacher at the conclusion of a religious lesson—yet it became a magical formulation designed to save the souls of the departed from Gehinnom; much of the value laid upon male children by Jews derived from the assurance they provided that someone would be available to recite the Kaddish after the father's death. Rabbinical opposition to the use of the Kaddish as a prayer for the dead was almost unanimous. As early as the 12th century Eliakim ben Joseph of Mainz wrote:

> There is no foundation for the view that the Kaddish is for mourners. There is no basis for it in either the Jerusalem or the Babylonian Talmud or in the Tosefta. The only source is the legend of Rabbi Akiba, and we do not base laws upon legends.

Nevertheless, legendary material was used to sanction the practice, and all attempts to prevent the subversion of religion to magic were in this case fruitless.

There are close parallels between a number of Hebrew and Christian prayers. Who borrowed from whom, and why, is not always clear, although the fact of mutual influence seems apparent enough. One reason for the confusion may be that in the early period distinctions between the faiths were not yet fixed. As pagans passed through Judaism en route to Christianity, or on the reverse path from Christianity to Judaism—a common enough occurrence before the political triumph of Christianity—certain Jewish congregations became "Hebrew Christians." Martin points out the similarities as well as some of the differences between certain Hebrew and Christian prayers. Kyrie eleison is Psalm 51, which also occupies an important place in the Jewish liturgy. In addition, there are strong similarities between the Kaddish and the Pater Noster; *Ahava Rabba* and a prayer in the liturgy of Sarapion; *Avot* and an early Christian prayer in the Didascalia; the great Yom Kippur prayer *Unetanneh Tokef* and *Dies Irae*. Martin does not delve into the matter, but similar processes of mutual assimilation with respect to prayer and ritual were repeated at a later period between Judaism and Islam.

THE TRANSLATIONS in *Prayer in Judaism* are well chosen. My own favorite translator is Israel Zangwill; his versions manage to provide strong rhythms without sacrifice of accuracy. Solomon Solis Cohen, David de Sola Pool, and Alice Lucas, among others, are also represented. Martin's own translations are by no means inferior to the others, and he amends passages of other translators when he is not satisfied with particular stanzas or sections.

Prayer in Judaism is an intelligent, learned, and well-written exposition of the background and meaning of selected prayers, and, more generally, of the role of prayer in Jewish life. Since familiarity has a way of dulling perception, this book will be useful even for Jews who have regular contact with the prayers, for it calls attention to the extraordinary power with which they express the religious humanism of Judaism.

Terror Politics

NIHILISTS. By RONALD HINGLEY. *Delacorte Press. 126 pp. $3.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE WOODCOCK

IN 1862 Ivan Turgenev, that sensitive observer of Russian trends, published *Fathers and Sons*, and created a character who became a type of iconoclastic rebel —Bazarov—and a label that was to mark a generation of rebels—Nihilism. Turgenev had already done something very similar much earlier when, in *Rudin*, he had taken Michael Bakunin as a model and created a type for the "superfluous man" of the Russian 1840's. The one limitation of such characters as Turgenev made them was that there was no allowance for change. Bakunin eventually transcended the romantic ineffectualness Turgenev had seen in him to become the founder of organized anarchism. And those who in the real life of the 1860's talked with the same iconoclastic loudness as Bazarov were inclined in the 1870's to change from verbal to physical violence, and to reinforce words with bullets and bombs.

This dramatic evolution is the theme of Ronald Hingley's *Nihilists*. It is a brief volume in a curious series, *Pageant of History*, which deals with romantically interesting classes of people. There have up to now been Gladiators, Saints, and Highwaymen; Bandits, Gurkhas, and Samurai are on the way. No doubt it is a contrived way of presenting history, but in the case of Mr. Hingley's book the times happen to be friendly to the theme.

Although the whole subject of pre-Marxist revolutionism in Russia has been dealt with very fully in Franco Venturi's massive study, *Roots of Revolution*, there is still room for a knowledgeable and brightly written short account, and this Mr. Hingley—who is an Oxford don and an authority on Chekhov—has given us. He limits his period to the quarter of a century between 1855 and 1881. These are the dates of Czar Alexander II's reign, chosen because Alexander was the most distinguished victim of early Russian revolutionary terrorism. As points in revolutionary history they are somewhat arbitrary, since there was a continuity—through Herzen and Bakunin—between the Russian radicals of the 1840's and those of the 1860's, while the great repression that followed Alexander's assassination in 1881 did not break the revolutionary tradition. It merely drove abroad for a period those revolutionaries who evaded the police, and there remained real links between the People's Will, whose members killed the Czar, and the

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equally populist and equally terrorist Socialist Revolutionary movement, a group that overshadowed the Bolsheviks in the early years of the present century.

Yet 1881 does at least mark a pause between two periods of intense revolutionary activity on Russian soil. Mr. Hingley has taken the earlier period, and, in describing the personalities and deeds of its activists, he has conferred on them the label of Nihilist which many of them denied. There has always been controversy over the exact meaning of Nihilism in Russian terms. Sergei Stepniak, who appears in these pages as a flamboyant terrorist, refused to accept it for militants of his type, and restricted the term to the Bazarov-like iconoclasts of the 1860's who were represented most faithfully by those youthful and opinionated intellectual rebels, Nicholas Dobrolyubov (possibly the model for Bazarov) and Dmitry Pisarev. It was conservative critics like Dostoevsky who whipped together under the single definition of Nihilism a miscellany of movements beginning with the Bazarovs of the 1860's, proceeding to the Narodniks or Populists who in the 1870's sought to spread socialist doctrines among the unresponsive peasants, and ending in the terrorist groups whose activities culminated in the gruesome efficiency and obsessive persistence of the People's Will; Mr. Hingley has in general followed Dostoevsky.

There is one notable justification for this treatment. The various movements flowed into one another, with the same persons appearing in various contexts, and there was a negative kind of causal relationship among them, since the failure to change society by one approach led always to the adoption of more extreme methods until those who had begun as peaceful persuaders ended as devotees of death. If one must have a label to define that path which led with such seeming inevitability from protest to destruction, Nihilism is as good as any other.

By any definition, Nihilism has seemed until very recently a historical curiosity, a movement that took place a century ago in a country and at a time vastly different from our own—a movement over which history swept when the Bolsheviks finally won control of the revolutionary movement in Russia. Now, within the last three years, it has—like Dadaism and Anarchism and other movements we had long thought dead—acquired a new relevance as history appears to mimic itself. For, detail by detail, there are astonishing resemblances between what happened among the educated youth in the Russia of Alexander II and what is happening among the educated youth of North America today.

The movement, then as now, was composed principally of students and ex-students, drawn from the middle class, and brought into the universities when they were expanded under the liberalizing policies of Alexander II; as early as 1861 the students of Moscow staged the first political street demonstration in Russian history. Nihilists affected a style of dress similar to that of modern youth rebels: the men grew their hair long and cultivated bushy beards, the girls wore high boots, and both sexes went in for colored glasses and wore plaids instead of overcoats. A rude manner was affected; current beliefs in art, religion, and sexual morality were demonstratively rejected. The women were, if anything, more militant than the men, and their passionate sense of being a class much discriminated against put them into a position rather like that which the blacks occupy in the present youth revolt. The Nihilists also displayed a notable and almost orgiastic addiction: they drank enormous quantities of tea —literal tea, not the euphemistic tea which is the corresponding weakness of their modern spiritual descendants.

Like many of those who observe today's youthful rebels, the older generation of the 1860's—the fathers of Turgenev's novel—were often puzzled as to what the Nihilists really wanted. As Mr. Hingley remarks, the beliefs of the rebel sons—like those of the modern New Left—formed "a vague assortment of ideas, not a coherent doctrine," and—again like many of the New Left—they combined vaguely libertarian pretensions with an underlying authoritarianism which emerged in their intense and humorless self-righteousness. Even more interesting is the resemblance between the stages through which the Nihilist movement and present-day youth radicalism in North America have passed. There was a period of establishing an ideological attitude different from that of the preceding generation with, as now, a free use of the word New: New Men, New Women, etc. This was followed by the "going to the people," a phenomenon very similar to the attempts of student radicals in the early 1960's to work among Southern Negroes and the city poor; the Nihilists found that the peasants rejected them as people from another world, and the experience of our New Left has been similar. There followed frustration and a mounting wave of violence, paralleled not only by present-day campus disorders, but also by the more lethal violence of some black militants, who are starting on the same course as the People's Will by killing people symbolic of a hated authority system—policemen today, perhaps more prominent figures tomorrow.

At first it seems strange that phenomena so strikingly similar should occur in societies as different as autocratic 19th-century Russia and democratic 20th-century North America. Yet there are underlying similarities which may help to explain the parallels. Both movements appeared in periods which began with idealistic political promises and ended with disappointed hopes. The young Alexander II, an enlightened Czar who liberated the serfs in the early years of his reign, was regarded by the youth of Russia in much the same way as John F. Kennedy in the early months of his Presidency; the failure of Alexander to realize the liberal promise of his own early years parallels Johnson's disastrous failure to sustain the euphoria of the Kennedy era. At the same time Russia, which had suffered defeat in

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the Crimea just before the accession of Alexander, became involved in 1877 in an unpopular, costly, and badly-run war with Turkey; the parallel with Vietnam is obvious, and there seems little doubt that the resentment of the educated classes over this war contributed to the mounting terrorism at the end of the 1870's.

The tragedy of Russia was that the two sides became polarized in an irreconcilable opposition. Alexander's advisors never had the imagination to counsel the kind of political and social changes that would have morally disarmed the Nihilists. The Nihilists in turn became irrecovably set in their conviction that terrorist violence was the only way to change the Russian situation. During the reigns of Alexander III and Nicholas II both sides continued to behave like the proverbial Bourbons, forgetting nothing and learning nothing, with the result that, in the atmosphere of brutal intolerance they generated, a ruthless force arose which destroyed them both. For not only the last Czar and his family perished at the hands of those frank authoritarians, the Bolsheviks; so also did those lineal descendants of the Nihilists and the People's Will, the Social Revolutionaries—who remained to the end so hypnotized by their mystique of the terrorist attack on authority that they evolved neither a really concrete political program nor a strategy that would save them from a highly disciplined attack by a left-wing totalitarian party.

Whether North America is doomed to such a fatal polarization of authority and youthful rebellion is likely to depend on those not now directly involved in the struggle. In Russia, by and large, the people remained uninvolved spectators; it was a politically inexperienced society. Our own hopes are likely to depend on the will of those who are as yet uninvolved to insist on an end to violence while creating a more egalitarian society and resisting firmly the appeal of reactionary pseudo-solutions, which are likely —as they did in Russia—to foster the atmosphere in which violence continues to breed.

Private Identity

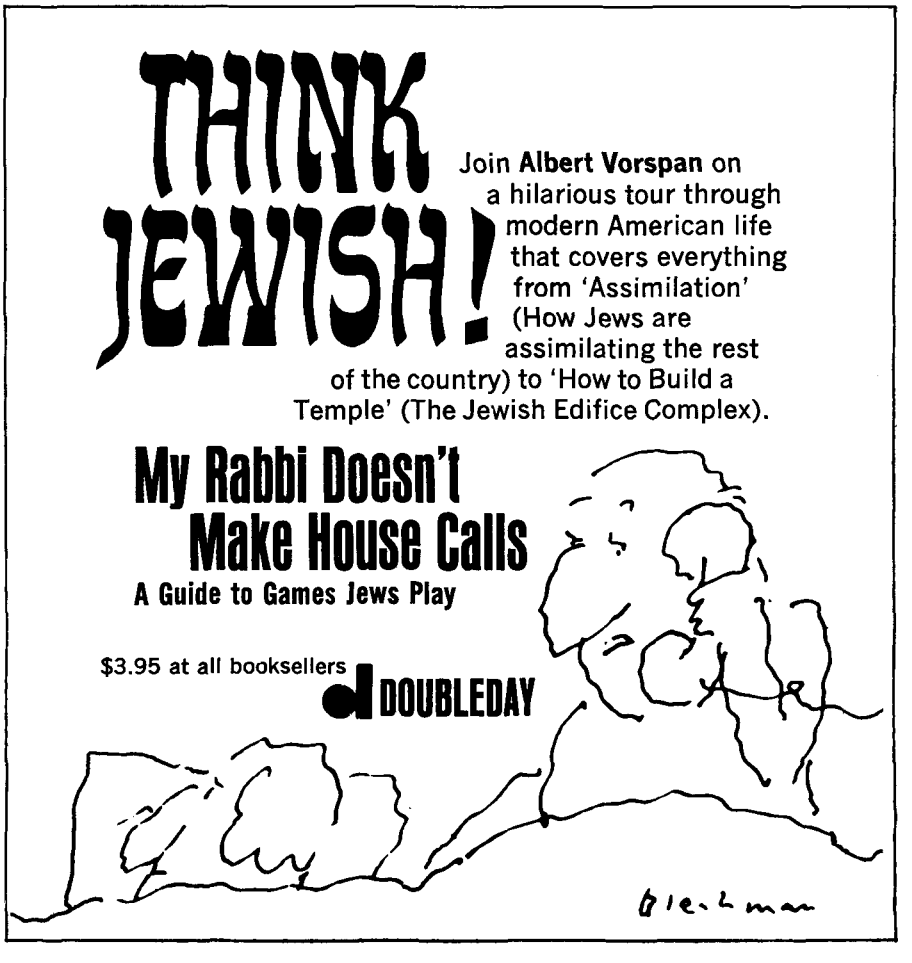
THE WORLD OF THE THRILLER. By RALPH HARPER. *Case Western Reserve. 139 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by LEO BRAUDY

IN *New Essays in Philosophical Theology* Basil Mitchell proposes a parable to illustrate the difficulties in deciding what constitutes counter-evidence for a belief in God. During the wartime occupation of a country, the parable begins, a member of the Resistance meets a stranger in a bar. After they strike up a warm relationship, the Stranger reveals that he too is a member of the Resistance. In fact, he is the leader. The Resistance member is impressed and moved by the confidence placed in him and he readily agrees when the Stranger asks for his total trust no matter what happens. The two never meet again, but the member does observe the Stranger helping other members of the Resistance and he is pleased. Unfortunately, he also frequently sees the Stranger in the uniform of the occupying forces, turning in members of the Resistance, testifying against them, officiating at their executions. The friends of the Resistance member are dubious, but he remains staunchly convinced of the Stranger's good faith. The Stranger alone has the total vision of affairs that makes these seeming inconsistencies a comprehensible plan. There is, in fact, no way he can be questioned.

Mitchell aptly chooses the framework of a spy story for his theological parable, since many of the best spy stories seem to serve a human hunger for total explanation that has previously been satisfied only by the idea of God. The 17th- and 18th-century equivalent of the spy story is the tale of exotic adventure and travel, where men are buffeted by the seemingly arbi-

LEO BRAUDY, *a new contributor, is an assistant professor in the Department of English, Columbia College. His criticism has appeared in* The Yale Review *and elsewhere.*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trary forces of nature. Robinson Crusoe sat on his island and saw the hand of God in his shipwreck and in everything else that had happened to him. He blessed divine providence for both the punishment and the chance for repentance and redemption. Defoe wrote amid the waning of belief in the providential theory of history and at a time when other systematic explanations were already competing for favor. Napoleon could declare by the beginning of the 19th century that fate had been replaced by politics. In the course of the 19th century, new scientific and positivistic systems offered more appealing and more practical explanations for the haphazard facts of the universe. Meanwhile, in popular polemic, theories of evolution and scientific discovery routed the belief that God's intervention and order were the mainsprings of history.

THE 19th-century detective story is the appropriate offspring of 19th-century scientific thought. As observation of facts and the proper use of details in building an interpretation became the methods of a new harmony, the urge to solve mysteries became the material of literature. Poe's Auguste Dupin, Sherlock Holmes (with his Pre-Raphaelite aestheticism), and most of the early detectives dealt in the art of the visible. Their worlds were limited systems, made up of deductively ordered arrays of facts. The solution of the mystery was to find the order in physical things, the minute linkages that must naturally lead to the solution of the crime. And these facts were always preeminently *there:* the purloined letter remained hidden because it was so visible; only the man who respected and carefully interrogated all facts would find it. Sherlock Holmes could divine the whole of a man's life from the tilt of his head, a callus at the base of his thumb, or a frayed spot on the inner elbow of his hunting jacket. The police procedural novel, with its loving exposition of the truths available to the observant exploiter of technological progress, had begun its long tenure. It was to limp into the early 20th century as the bastard stepchild of naturalism, without metaphysical depth, useful only for the diversions of a rainy afternoon, when enclosed worlds are congenial.

In the course of the 20th century the readily apparent reality of the detective story yielded its place in the fictional imagination to the mysterious disguises and hidden organizations of the spy story. Spies, unlike detectives, have been around for a long time: Joshua sends advance men into Jericho; Pericles sends merchants to Sparta. Literary historians speculate about the clandestine activities of Chaucer, Marlowe, Andrew Marvell, and Defoe too. The need to know what your enemy, and even your friend, is doing has been a constant for men in public life. But spying emerges as an imaginative concern only in the later 19th century with the exotic tales of writers like Wilkie Collins, Sheridan Le Fanu, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and the philosophical romances of Dostoevsky, Conrad, and G. K. Chesterton.

WHAT ARE the reasons behind the 20th-century vogue of the spy story? Ralph Harper, in *The World of the Thriller,* attempts to answer this question by invoking the philosophical and psychological categories of existentialism to show that the hero of the thriller (by which he means especially the spy story) is modern man in search of identity and control over his environment.

This kind of metaphysic of popular culture, so reminiscent of the most fascinating French criticism, is a tricky thing to handle, and Harper must be commended for his attempt. But he does not fially bring it off. His book has little organization and few insights to compensate for its lack of coherence. The rapid movement from subject to subject encourages frequent contradictions and a lack of resolution. Perhaps one reason for Harper's thematic flightiness is that he is practicing a kind of allegorical criticism in which the form resides not in the book itself but in a system of ideas and categories that exist outside it. He dwells on abstract passages from the novels he quotes and rarely analyzes the action. When it suits his purpose, he slips out of a definition he asserted absolutely a few pages before. Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, for example, becomes an Exhibit A even though Harper has already ruled the detective novel out of his system. The reason, of course, is that Chandler is given to sententious and philosophically sentimental maunderings that comfortably suit the popular definition of existentialism with which Harper usually satisfies himself.

Harper's categories do have some interest, but his use of them has little grace or tact. He accumulates rather than discriminates: "The thriller world is Heideggerian rather than Tillichian. Its categories do not include meaninglessness, but rather Care, Dread, Death, Guilt, Time, and a Being-unto-Death, all the categories of contingency and resolution we find in even the run-of-the-mill detective or spy story." Although Harper asserts that spy stories are a unique genre, he frequently describes them in terms that can apply to any work of fiction. He never quite resolves or tries to resolve the contradiction between asserting that the spy story is "one place we are exposed to what we really are" and admitting that their enclosedness ("unlike life") solves problems and allows us to treat them as escapist.

BUT IT is only when the spy story reaches out to force us to go beyond escape and into reflection that it succeeds as more than distraction. Concealed within the heart of the spy story, and most tales of adventure, is the theme of personal identity; it is the logical counterpoise to the search for the order of the universe. The world of detective clarity in Poe's "The Purloined Letter" has its darker complement in his "William Wilson." And there are even less schizophrenic relations between the spy world of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed* and his *The Double,* or between Conrad's *The Secret Agent* and *Lord Jim.*

In the best spy stories the hero is an unreflective man, even less intellectual than the reader, for

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the hero rarely if ever reads spy stories. But a missent cable, an overheard conversation, a casual pickup, has catapulted this "normal" man into a maelstrom. He has become abruptly aware of an entire fabric of evil and abnormality that underlies daily life. The true horror of this situation —like that in much science fiction —is not in the evil discovered, but in the fact that no one will believe the hero's account of it: he is a Cassandra yelling fruitlessly into the ears of railway porters, customs officials, and hotel clerks. The world of normal authority is deaf to his prophecies.

By its emphasis on the need to discover a universal order, no matter how diabolical it may be, the spy story takes its revenge on a world of Crystal Palace optimism about the fruits of technology and the verifiability of truth. In place of the detective who perceives the relation among objects, the hero of the spy story has discovered the connections among minds, the ultimate organization that links the interests of a dishwasher in Tangiers, a bank president in Zagreb, and a Spenser specialist in New Haven. He has stumbled on a new cosmology that has preempted both the old idea of Providence and the scientific certainties of the Enlightenment and the 19th century. The god of good may have left the earth behind, but in the spy story his coeval, the Manichean god of evil, makes malevolent sense of the world. In the escapist spy novel, the new concept of order is represented by a villain who is fascinating and unique. This villain has harnessed the world to his paranoia; he has made sense of things. But for the reader to breathe easily, the villain's flaws must be obvious ones because the harmony of his universe is so apparent. His power, therefore, is usually expressed in destruction. His nature is inhuman: he has mechanical parts or hates poetry. Conventional virtue calls for his death and the destruction of his organization. Yet the nostalgia for order mourns his passing.

God's providential order was in part an attempt to explain the existence of evil in the world. The spy story usually ends with the obliteration of evil. But where evil in God's universe was described in terms of formlessness and chaos, our modern evil is a masterpiece of order. The theme of the ambiguous virtue of order is explored fully only in the novels of Graham Greene and John Le Carré, where the anti-heroes and non-villains tug helplessly at each other amid bland and uninterested bureaucracies that will exist long after the principals are dead. But the popular spy story raises no such specters. Instead it is shrouded in the nostalgia for order, even the malevolent order that the Stranger could supply, if he were content only to run things instead of destroying them.

Urban Nostalgia

The Economy of Cities. By Jane Jacobs. *Random House. 268 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by Peter Schrag

Reading Jane Jacobs in New York in the summer of 1969 is, I imagine, a little like reading *Walden* in a Chinese commune. Mrs. Jacobs, former associate editor of *Architectural Forum*, has long been a critic of the steel and concrete style of grandiose urban renewal and a defender of the little neighborhood and the little shop; in *The Economy of Cities*, she has lifted the case for diversification to the level of economic theory. Yet her book often reads like a passion of worlds long gone, separated by continents and ages of time, a romance washed up from a distant shore, well reasoned, documented and persuasive, but mythic nonetheless. A fable of creation. Against the surliness of store clerks and bureaucrats, and against the brave new world of ABM and NASA, rises a cosmos of potters and saddlers, of pin makers and wheelwrights.

The Economy of Cities is not written as a romance; it is, indeed, a difficult and sometimes technical book, doubly unsettling because, first, it turns much of the conventional wisdom around, and, second, because it ends with an unresolved enigma. "Current theory," Mrs. Jacobs writes, "assumes that cities are built upon a rural economic base. If my observations and reasoning are correct, the reverse is true: that is, rural economies, including agricultural work, are directly built upon city economies and city work." The city work that is genuinely vital comes from small producers and tradesmen who can add "new work to older work," rarely from huge units, and never in one-industry towns. Among her models—perhaps one should say heroes—are the bicycle manufactures of Tokyo who created an industry from the skills and experience of hundreds of little repair shops, and a New York dressmaker named Ida Rosenthal who, some forty years ago, became dissatisfied with the way her creations hung on her customers. Mrs. Rosenthal thereupon invented the brassiere and thus built the foundations of the Maidenform Company. In both instances new work was added to older work; in both, the entrepreneurs were small producers who shifted their activities; both reflect, according to Mrs. Jacobs, the vitality of cities.

The book is a chronicle of the economic mutations that take place in the healthy underbrush of urban diversity. Cities which specialize in one industry—Manchester in the 19th century, Pittsburgh or Detroit in the 20th—tend to stagnate because they do not have the interest or opportunities for diversification, for adding new work. Similarly, where guilds or large corporations monopolize certain activities, no development is possible; when they begin to lose their export markets (to other cities) they are unable to add new work. The highly efficient textile industry of Manchester was once regarded as the model of a bright future. But when the export market shrank there was no work to replace it and the city became a depressed town. Birmingham, on the other hand, was regarded as messy and inefficient, a collection of small enterprises in every area imaginable. Birmingham remains economically healthy, in Mrs. Jacobs's view, because it was able to replace lost exports with new work.

Peter Schrag, *who writes frequently on urban affairs, is the author of* Village School Downtown.

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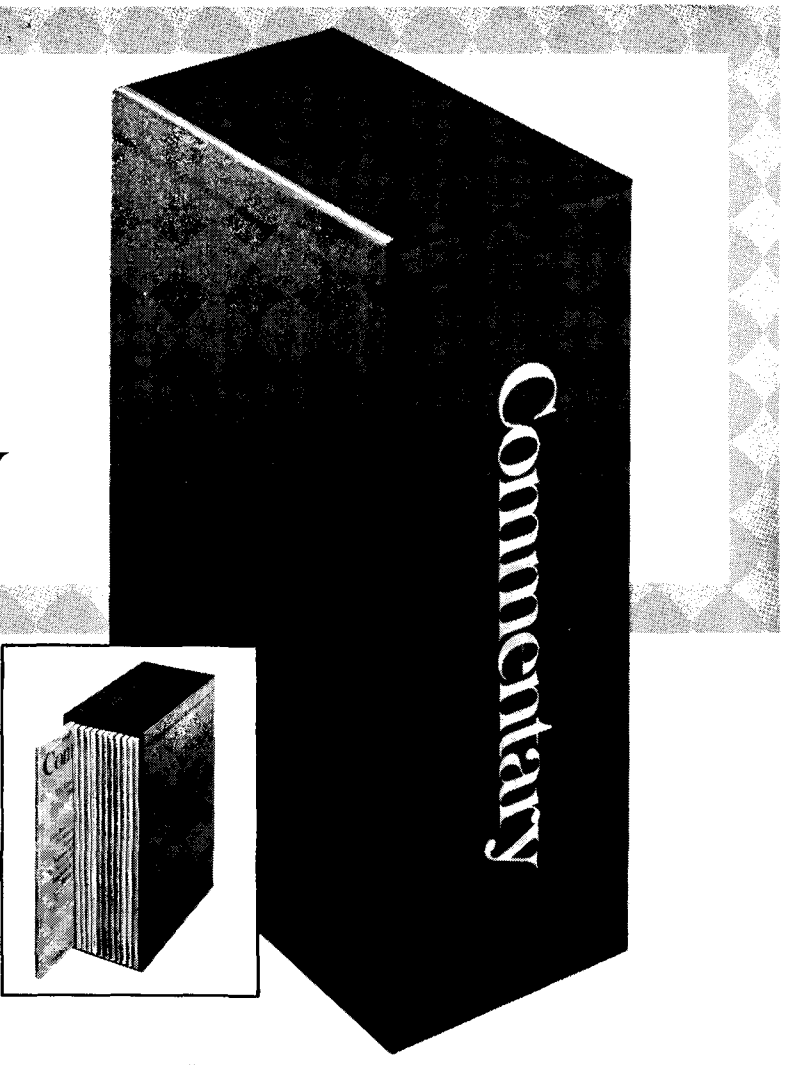

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In the course of her argument Mrs. Jacobs effectively destroys conventional ideas about the vitality and function of cities. If great cities are dependent on harbors or waterways, then there should have been a metropolis at the mouth of the Connecticut River; and Jersey City would be as important as New York. And if cities depend initially on agriculture, then India would be wealthier than Japan. Agricultural wealth, she contends, is dependent on city work; on fertilizers and tools, on tractors and hybrid plants. The yeoman farmer has long been regarded as a creature of the romantic imagination. Mrs. Jacobs has further reduced him to an economic and technological parasite—send *The Economy of Cities* to your legislator before the mayor asks for his new appropriations upstate.

AT BOTTOM, though, despite its tough and persuasive reasoning, *The Economy of Cities* is a sort of urban pastorale. Mrs. Jacobs has always preferred diversity and small units to uniformity, and she has been highly influential in shaping the new wisdom in urban planning. In a way she rationalized and formalized what many people instinctively liked about cities: the little shops, the unexpected parks —all that came to be represented in the cliché of "the human scale." In *The Economy of Cities* the possibilities for future vitality are placed squarely on the base of diversification. The future, if there is one, is not in the elimination of mass production but in the creation—often from presently ignoble occupations—of diversified new work. The junk dealer and trash collector may thus be the progenitors of a variety of entrepreneurs who convert waste and pollutants to useful products; the garment industry, making clothes for special tastes and markets, may be the model for other enterprises in which "variations are not a result of expanded volume in differentiated production but in which they are primary." Which is to say that the product is only feasible (a dress, or a hat, for example) if it is different from others of its kind. The mass production item (e.g. the automobile) is only feasible because it is mass produced. We had always assumed that mass production was the ultimate form of economic organization, Mrs. Jacobs writes. But perhaps it's just another phase.

CLEARLY Mrs. Jacobs has a message for economic planners, and especially for Americans trying to bring the blessings of prosperity to the underdeveloped world (whether in Harlem or in Afghanistan). But just as clearly they have something to say back to her. Do all cultures behave the same way under similar economic conditions? Do the conditions that produce stagnation according to one set of criteria generate vitality according to another? Is there a relationship between, say, the vitality of Birmingham and the novels of Dickens, or between the economic activity of medieval Paris and the cathedral at Chartres? And what is the relation among economic vitality, slums, and sweatshops? How many generations of deprivation precede the new entrepreneur? Does the exploitation of factory workers in Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., in the 19th century necessarily precede Ida Rosenthal's brassiere? Why is it that the German economy appears to be vital while the British economy is sick? Did we revitalize the Germans (and the Japanese) by flattening their cities, and destroying the old political and economic order? Mrs. Jacobs properly points out that stagnant economies export capital and/or devote it to civic adornment and "all sorts of philanthropies, extravagances, and displays of vainglory." (She believes, incidentally, that the economy of the United States "is in process of stagnating.") To her, Henry Ford assembling automobiles from the works of little machine shops, body shops, and other manufacturers is far more noble than the Ford Foundation which, in her view, is dispensing capital to the wrong people in the wrong way. But is the test of vitality always in the marketplace? And if size tends generally to be an obstacle to development, how do you accumulate and organize the vast resources required to produce and manage cyclotrons, data systems, and moon shots?

THE FINAL ENIGMA of *The Economy of Cities* comes almost as an afterthought (on the next-to-last page): "What kinds of government . . . [can keep open] the opportunities for economic and technological development instead of closing them off?" Which is to say, what is the relationship of this world, the world of conglomerates, missiles, urban hostility, and suburban sprawl, to the world of small entrepreneurs and shops? Is there a way of getting from here to there; is that way the same for all cultures and conditions; and is the trip one that everybody really wants to make? *The Economy of Cities* is a tough and surely an important book. But its significance may rest more in its sentimental vision of a vigorous and perhaps mythic past than in a complete and uncompromising confrontation with the problems of civility and health in contemporary urban life. In an age of supercorporations, superstates, and guerrilla warfare, a vision of cities as centers of decentralized enterprise may signal, more than anything else, the wish of megalopolis for the simple life: perhaps *The Economy of Cities* is the scenario of John Lindsay's dreams.

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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's bourgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.

Capt. Moodie commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

CUTTY's jury rudder.

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet...and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest, nowhere."

The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

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